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The JOLLY HALLOWE'EN BOOK

ELDRIDGE PUBLISHING CO.

BRIDGE DIVISION

FRANKLIN, OHIO

1957

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The Jolly Hallowe'en Book

By
DOROTHY M. SHIPMAN
AND OTHERS

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The Jolly Hallowe'en Book

SONGS

The Joys of Hallowe'en

(TUNES: "*Geography Song*" and "*King of the Cannibal Islands.*")

1. Have you played pranks on Hallowe'en?
If you have not, it's quickly seen
That you have missed much pleasure keen.
That horrible, wonderful evening.

CHORUS

Ghosts and goblins, witches too, all would frolic then with
you.

Bats and cats and rats that chew, hold carnival Hallowe'en
evening.

2. Do you know how a ticktack's wound?
Do you know how to sneak around
And startle friends by gruesome sound?
That horrible, wonderful evening.
3. Have you dressed up just like a ghost?
Are ghostly groans your dearest boast?
Have you worn masks that scare folk most?
That horrible, wonderful evening.
4. Have you carved pumpkin heads with pride?
And placed a candle light inside?
And carried them both far and wide?
That horrible, wonderful evening.

5. Have you played fortune-telling games
And learned your future sweethearts' names?
For bobbing apples made your claims?
That horrible, wonderful evening.
6. There are so many jolly stunts.
If you would try them all just once,
You'd think a quiet child a dunce.
That wonderful, horrible evening.

Hallowe'en Song

(TUNE: "*Upidee*.")

The pumpkins ripen on the vine. Hallowe'en! Hallowe'en!
For Jack-o'-Lanterns they'll be fine. Jolly Hallowe'en!
The faces that they soon will wear
Will surely thrill and maybe scare!

CHORUS

Jolly, jolly Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en!
Jolly, jolly Hallowe'en! Jolly Hallowe'en!

The witches now their broomsticks shine. Hallowe'en!
Hallowe'en!

In midnight revels they'll combine. Spooky Hallowe'en!
They'll mount their sticks and, with their cats,
They'll seek the realms of ghosts and bats.

CHORUS

Spooky, spooky Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en!
Spooky, spooky Hallowe'en! Spooky Hallowe'en!

Bad children now are planning pranks. Hallowe'en!
Hallowe'en!

For which they'll surely get no thanks. Naughty Hallowe'en!
Whatever mischief they may do
They lay to witches, goblins too!

CHORUS

Naughty, naughty Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en!
Naughty, naughty Hallowe'en! Naughty Hallowe'en!

The True Hallowe'en

(TUNE: "A Merry Life," by Denza.)

Some think that Hallowe'en is made for witches,
So black and sly, so black and sly.
Who torture boys and girls with switches.
I wonder why? I wonder why?
But I, I think I know the reason,
For strange things done, for strange things done.
It's just because it is the season
For lots of fun, for lots of fun!

CHORUS

Gather, gather with your pumpkin heads.
Gather, gather, have no thought of beds.
It is the night when any fright
And any plight is really right!
Gather, all you boys and girls,
And cast away your dreads.

Some think that Hallowe'en is made for mischief,
But that's unkind. But that's unkind.
The folk that walk are really friendly,
So you will find. So you will find.
The ghosts and witches all are jolly,
So are the cats. So are the cats.
To fear or hate them is all folly,
Even the bats. Even the bats.

CHORUS

Hallowe'en is Lots of Fun

(TUNE: "Old MacDonald Had a Farm.")

1. Hallowe'en is lots of fun! E-I-E-I-O!

(Repeat this sentence after each verse.)

With Jack-o'-Lanterns everywhere! E-I-E-I-O!
With a Jack, Jack here, and a Jack, Jack there!
Here a Jack, there a Jack, everywhere a Jack, Jack!

2. Hallowe'en is lots of fun! E-I-E-I-O!
Yowling cats are everywhere! E-I-E-I-O!
With a Meow, Meow here, and a Meow, Meow there!
Here a Meow, there a Meow, everywhere a Meow,
Meow!
3. Hallowe'en is lots of fun! E-I-E-I-O!
Squeaking bats are everywhere! E-I-E-I-O!
With a Squeak, Squeak here, and a Squeak, Squeak
there!
Here a Squeak, there a Squeak, everywhere a Squeak,
Squeak!
4. Hallowe'en is lots of fun! E-I-E-I-O!
Spooky ghosts are everywhere! E-I-E-I-O!
With an Ooo, Ooo here, and an Ooo, Ooo there!
Here an Ooo, there an Ooo, everywhere an Ooo, Ooo!
5. Hallowe'en is lots of fun! E-I-E-I-O!
Witches ride then everywhere! E-I-E-I-O!
With a Cackle, Cackle here, and a Cackle, Cackle there!
Here a Cackle, there a Cackle, everywhere a Cackle,
Cackle!

Abroad on Hallowe'en

(TUNE: "*Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.*")

The goblins are marching around us tonight.
They're hoping to scare us and thrill us with fright.
The fairies are dancing in each magic ring,
Just list to their singing and hear their bells ring.
The gay Jack-o'-Lanterns are grinning with joy.
They are each the proud treasure of some girl or boy.
There's nothing to fear on this glad Hallowe'en.
There's much to be heard and there's much to be seen.

Just creep from your home and see what you can find.
There'll be pranks sure enough but they really are kind.
No one could object to the ticktack's queer noise,
Or scold if they're summoned by masked girls and boys.
There are lots of gay parties where witches hold sway
And games are enjoyed in the old-fashioned way.
So join in the fun and discard every fear
And you, too, will learn just why Hallowe'en's dear.

Pumpkins Will Shine Tonight

(TUNE: "*Our Boys Will Shine Tonight.*")

Pumpkins will shine tonight!
Pumpkins will shine!
Pumpkins will shine tonight,
Won't that be fine?
Pumpkins will shine tonight,
On Hallowe'en.
Mid cats and bats and spooky things,
Pumpkins will shine!

Jack-o'-Lantern

(TUNE: "*Pussy Song.*" *Regular scale up, using a single note to a line and coming down the scale on the words of the last two lines that are sung.*)

I have a Jack-o'-Lantern,
I found him in a field.
He was the biggest pumpkin,
And he to me appealed.
The others now have vanished,
They're luscious pumpkin pies.
That's why my Jack-o'-Lantern
Can make such awful eyes!
Spook, spook, spook, spook,
Spook, spook, spook, spook!
SPOOK! (*Shouted.*)

Hallowe'en is Coming

(TUNE: *"I've Been Working on the Railroad."*)

1. Boys and girls now gather 'round, for Hallowe'en is coming!
Ghosts and goblins may be found when Hallowe'en is coming!

CHORUS

Then's the time to bob for apples!
Then's the time for fun!
Then's the time for jolly parties,
Before the evening's done.
Get your Jack-o'-Lanterns ready,
Get your masks out, too.
On that night of pranks and revels,
We'll have much to do!

2. Witches scowl and black cats yowl when Hallowe'en is coming!
Scared dogs howl and white ghosts prowl when Hallowe'en is coming!
3. Apples red must play their part when Hallowe'en is coming!
Grinning pumpkins make you start when Hallowe'en is coming!
4. Aren't you glad that you are young when Hallowe'en is coming?
When you've ticktacks to be hung and Hallowe'en is coming?

RECITATIONS



Cinderella's Coach

The coach that Cinderella had
Was made of pumpkin shell.
Whatever did become of it?
Our story does not tell.

It seems that at the midnight hour
Her coach and prancing steeds
Turned back to pumpkin rind and rats—
Having fulfilled her needs.

I wonder if her handsome prince,
When he his bride had found,
Did not remember all the things
Which helped his joy come 'round.

Then maybe when he thought and thought
Where pumpkins would fit best,
He thought of Jack-o'-Lanterns bright
And—you can guess the rest!

Chasing Shadows

It's fun to chase my shadow
Out in the warm bright sun.
I never yet have caught it
But I like to make it run.

It's just a little different
When Hallowe'en comes 'round,
Then shadows seem to lengthen
And I cannot hear a sound.

Then's the time for creepy feelings,
Not for sport and jolly play,
So instead of shadow chasing
I just want to run away.

The Tale of the Jack-o'-Lantern

A Jack-o'-Lantern played some pranks
One moonlit Hallowe'en,
He started out all by himself
Determined to be mean.

He scared a tiny pussy cat,
A little puppy, too.
He made a cunning baby cry—
A dreadful thing to do!

He laughed and thought of other schemes.
Oh, he was bad that night.
His one idea was what to do
To bring somebody fright.

At last the joke was turned on him,
He chased a pussy cat.
It was a witch's pride and joy,
But how could he know that?

The big black pussy turned around,
It arched its back and tail,
It launched its long sharp claws at him
With snarls and long-drawn wail.

Its mistress witch then came to sight
And whacked him with her broom,
So that is how one pumpkin head
Was cracked unto his doom.

The Witch

(To be spoken by a small girl wearing a witch's pointed hat and carrying a broom and black cat.)

I have a broom,
I have a hat,
I have a black cat, too;
And Daddy says
I am a witch.
Do I look like one to you?

I Wonder

They say that there are other worlds
That are as big as ours,
And maybe people live on them
With all our kinds of powers.

I wonder what they think of us
If they perchance have seen,
The funny tricks we like to do
To honor Hallowe'en.

I wonder if they try them out.
I know what should be done.
We'd swap them ours for some of theirs,
And then we'd both have fun.

A Pumpkin Philosophy

(To be spoken by a boy carrying a pumpkin.)

Were I a great big pumpkin
All carved up by a lad
Into a Jack-o'-Lantern
I think I'd 'most be glad.

For Jack-o'-Lanterns scare folks
And that is lots of fun
But, since I cannot be one,
I think I'll carve me one!

Changed Viewpoints

"Boys will be boys," the farmer said
As he left the warmth of his feather bed,
For out on his lawn was an old red sleigh
Which he knew must belong to his neighbor Gray.
There were two crates atop it and one held a log,
The other the Gray's big snarling dog.
The farmer laughed until he cried
When the weird spectacle he spied.

For a Hallowe'en prank on his ancient foe
 Was surely a most appealing show.
 He called for Gray on the telephone
 And with malice and mirth in every tone
 Said he'd better come for his property
 E'er 'twas seen by the whole community.
 But Gray sputtered faster, 'Come over quick
 And I'll show you something to make you sick.
 Your old red cow is hard at my hay—
 It's likely her first meal in many a day.
 There are two calves bellowing out in my car
 And they're not making you popular.
 And your pesky mare ate up half my feed,
 You'd best bring your checkbook, for cash you'll need.
 The farmer called for his hired man
 And strange though it seems, in his wild alarm
 All Hallowe'en jokes had lost their charm
 And he quite forgot how he laughed and said,
 "Boys will be boys," as he left his bed.

Hallowe'en

(The following exceptionally free verse is to be recited slowly with much dramatic feeling. When the underscored words are spoken, suitable accompaniments are heard from the background.)

Hallowe'en!

Witches ride on broomsticks! (*Clatter of wood.*)

Black cats! (*Meows.*)

Snakes! (*Hisses.*)

Black bats! (*Flapping noise and squeaks.*)

The world is full of ticktacks! (*Sound of ticktacks.*)

Ticktack! (*Sound of ticktacks.*)

Ticktack! (*Sound of ticktacks.*)

Witches! (*Cackling laughter.*)

Goblins! (*Noise of turkey gobbler—speaker looks back sternly.*)

Goblins, not Gobblers!

Small boys! (*Chatter.*)

Whistles! (*Whistles.*)

Catcalls! (*Catcalls.*)

Witches! (*Cackling laughter.*)

Cats! (*Meows.*)

Snakes! (*Hisses.*)

GHOSTS! (*Long drawn out sepulchral groan OHoooo.*)
HALLOWE'EN!

The Jack-o'-Lantern Party

My Jack-o'-Lantern hangs up high—
I cannot feel a breeze;
But still it's swaying back and forth
Just like a gay trapeze.

I think I know the reason why:
This is the Brownies' night,
And they are playing games up there
Around the candle light.

High and Low

A fat golden pumpkin lay in the field,
A golden moon rode in the sky,
The pumpkin shouted, "Hallo there, brother!
Who put you up so high?"

The man in the moon smiled a jolly smile
At the pumpkin far below—
"I'll light the sky while you light the earth,
On Hallowe'en, you know."

So the fat golden pumpkin smiled at the moon,
And the moon smiled back at him
All through the night till the morning came
And the twinkling stars grew dim.

And each felt content with the task he had
And called it a work of love.
Though one lay low on the cold black earth
And one rode high above.

The Witch's Complaint

(To be spoken by a girl who is made up to look as much like an old witch as possible. She keeps her voice shrill and complain'g.)

Oh, yes, of course, it's all our fault!
The milk is sour, the sugar's salt!
The gate is stolen from the fence—
It's up a pole full twelve blocks hence!
A rope is stretched across the walk—
Of course! Just go ahead and talk!
All of the tricks that you have seen
You lay to us on Hallowe'en!

It is the night of all the year
That we have chosen for good cheer.
We race on broomsticks through the air
And witches' celebrations share.
We have a lot of harmless sport—
It isn't fair that you report
That we are out on mischief bent.
Witches for that are never meant.

We see the harm you children do—
It makes us angry through and through.
What right have you to spoil our fun
With all the naughty things you've done?
What is the sense in tipping wood
And ruining things, whole and good?
You might at least stay safe at home
This night we witches choose to roam!

A Treat for the Wee Folk

Our woods are very dark at night—
I dare not in them play,
Although I know most every tree
And every flower by day.

But Hallowe'en I go quite near
And scatter candy sweets.
So when the elves and fairies come
They all will find a treat.

The Real Hallowe'en

I've heard it said that Hallowe'en
Is when all black cats yowl,
And ghosts glide past all dressed in white
And witches prow! and howl.

But I know better! It's the night
When harmless tricks are done,
And when with Jack-o'-Lanterns bright
We children can have fun.

Bobbing for apples plays its part
And fortune telling, too.
There are just countless pleasant things
On Hallowe'en to do!

And if the ghosts and witches roam,
As many people say;
I'm sure that they are out like us
To join in happy play.

Hallowe'en Shadows

Funny how the shadows lie
Black as coal on Hallowe'en!
I'm not scared of other kinds
But these seem all bad and mean!
They come sneaking close to me
Till I don't dare look behind.
I don't even want to know
What strange awful things I'd find!

There are fearful noises, too,
When I'm out on Hallowe'en,
What they are I cannot guess—
Nothing's to be seen.
I feel best if I am home
With the lamps lit bright,
Or I like to take a walk
Holding daddy tight.

Superstitions

The old colored mammy who lives down the road
Says, "Don' you walk unner dat ladder!
Go home if you sees a black cat cross yer paff
And, chile, watch out for yer shadder."
She says, "No luck ever come ter a house
Where a dog he bay at the moon."
She knows the meaning of spilling salt
Or dropping a fork or spoon.
She's superstitious—I know she is!
Such things cannot be true
But Hallowe'en, I remember them all—
And believe them, too—don't you?

The Hallowe'en Cheermaster

(To be spoken by a boy or girl who dashes onto the platform and crouches down with outstretched arms as though directing a cheer.)

CHEERMASTER. Are you ready? } Repeat.
AUDIENCE. We are! }

CHEERMASTER. Have you your masks and costumes bright—
To celebrate upon this night?
Have you red apples big and round?
Have you fat Jack-o'-Lanterns found?
Do you know lots of tricks to do?
Can you scare folks and be scared, too?
Are you ready?

AUDIENCE. We are!

CHEERMASTER. Are you ready?

AUDIENCE. We are!

CHEERMASTER. Let 'er go!

ALL. HALLOWE'EN!

EXERCISES

A Jack-o'-Lantern Story

(Exercise for Eleven Children.)

FIRST CHILD.

This is the field warmed by the sun
Where all this story is begun
Of a jolly Jack-o'-Lantern.

SECOND CHILD.

This is the seed sown late in May
That grew in the field warmed by the sun
Where all this story is begun
Of a jolly Jack-o'-Lantern.

THIRD CHILD.

This is the leaf that made its way
From the pumpkin seed sown late in May,
That grew in the field warmed by the sun
Where all this story is begun
Of a jolly Jack-o'-Lantern.

FOURTH CHILD.

This is the blossom so pure and white
That flowered near the leaf that made its way
From the pumpkin seed sown late in May
That grew in the field warmed by the sun
Where all this story is begun
Of a jolly Jack-o'-Lantern.

FIFTH CHILD.

This is the pumpkin big and bright
That came from the blossom pure and white
That flowered near the leaf that made its way
From the pumpkin seed sown late in May
That grew in the field warmed by the sun
Where all this story is begun
Of a jolly Jack-o'-Lantern.

SIXTH CHILD.

This is the farmer strong and brown
Who cut the pumpkin big and bright
Which came from the blossom pure and white
Which flowered near the leaf that made its way
From the pumpkin seed sown late in May
That grew in the field warmed by the sun
Where all this story is begun
Of a jolly Jack-o'-Lantern.

SEVENTH CHILD.

This is the truck that was driven to town
By the hands of the farmer strong and brown
Who cut the pumpkin big and bright
Which came from the blossom pure and white
Which flowered near the leaf that made its way
From the pumpkin seed sown late in May
That grew in the field warmed by the sun
Where all this story is begun
Of a jolly Jack-o'-Lantern.

EIGHTH CHILD.

This is the boy who the pumpkin bought
That arrived in the truck that was driven to town
By the hands of the farmer strong and brown
Who cut the pumpkin big and bright
Which came from the blossom pure and white
Which flowered near the leaf that made its way
From the pumpkin seed sown late in May,
That grew in a field warmed by the sun
Where all this story is begun
Of a jolly Jack-o'-Lantern.

NINTH CHILD.

This is the knife so gaily sought
By the jolly boy who the pumpkin bought
That arrived in the truck that was driven to town
By the hands of the farmer strong and brown
Who cut the pumpkin big and bright
Which came from the blossom pure and white

Which flowered near the leaf that made its way
From the pumpkin seed sown late in May
That grew in the field warmed by the sun
Where all this story is begun
Of a jolly Jack-o'-Lantern.

TENTH CHILD.

This is the Jack-o'-Lantern carved
With the knife that was so gaily sought
By the jolly boy who the pumpkin bought
That arrived in the truck that was driven to town
By the hands of the farmer strong and brown
Who cut the pumpkin big and bright
Which came from the blossom pure and white
Which flowered near the leaf that made its way
From the pumpkin seed sown late in May
That grew in the field warmed by the sun
Where all this story is begun
Of a jolly Jack-o'-Lantern.

ELEVENTH CHILD.

This is the spook so thin and starved
That was topped by the Jack-o'-Lantern carved
With the knife that was so gaily sought
By the jolly boy who the pumpkin bought
That arrived in the truck that was driven to town
By the hands of the farmer strong and brown
Who cut the pumpkin big and bright
Which came from the blossom pure and white
Which flowered near the leaf which made its way
From the pumpkin seed sown late in May
That grew in the field warmed by the sun
Where all this story is begun
Of a jolly Jack-o'-Lantern.

ALL.

So we all join the Hallowe'en fun.

ELEVENTH CHILD.

The spook that stands so thin and starved

TENTH CHILD.

That is topped by the Jack-o'-Lantern carved

NINTH CHILD.

With the knife that was so gaily sought

EIGHTH CHILD.

By the jolly boy who the pumpkin bought

SEVENTH CHILD.

That arrived in the truck that was driven to town

SIXTH CHILD.

By the hands of the farmer strong and brown

FIFTH CHILD.

Who cut the pumpkin big and bright

FOURTH CHILD.

Which came from the blossom pure and white

THIRD CHILD.

Which flowered near the leaf that made its way

SECOND CHILD.

From the pumpkin seed sown late in May

FIRST CHILD.

That grew in the field warmed by the sun

Where all this story is begun

Of a jolly Jack-o'-Lantern.

(Each child carries the object or the picture of the object which he represents. The "spook" carries a Jack-o'-Lantern on a pole over its head. White draperies hang from the platform supporting it and the child peers out from their joining, his face smiling beneath that of the grinning pumpkin. A brisk march is played as they enter and leave, and each child holds up the subject of his lines as he recites them. The exercise becomes a feat of declamatory skill as it proceeds, for each speaker gives his lines a little faster than his predecessor until the last one fairly rattles his off. Care should be taken in choosing the speakers, the last ones being chosen particularly for their ability to speak fast but still distinctly.)

The Hallowe'en Cake

An exercise for one older child and smaller children. The older child is shown in housedress and apron, getting dish and spoon ready for stirring up a cake.

OLDER CHILD. Hurry, children! We've only a few minutes to get this cake into the oven.

(The various children enter, each carrying some ingredients or symbol, which they put into the huge mixing bowl, while the older child stirs vigorously.)

1. Here's a pumpkin big and round,
It's the nicest one I've found.
2. Here's an apple red and bright,
Fortunes it will tell tonight.
3. Here's a game that's very gay,
One of many we must play.
4. Here I bring some coal black ink.
Black the night will be, I think.
5. Here's some food we'll like to eat,
Some is cold and some is sweet.
6. Here are decorations gay,
Black and orange they display.
7. Ere the stirring up is done,
I will add this bag of fun.

OLDER CHILD. Well done, children. You haven't forgotten a thing. Now, tell me—what are we making?

ALL (*shout*). HALLOWE'EN!

Wishes Come True

(Dialogue for six children dressed in costumes appropriate for their parts.)

FIVE CHILDREN.

We're all dressed for Hallowe'en
In costumes sad or bright.
We'll tell you what we'd like to do,
To celebrate tonight.

BROWNIE.

A really, truly brownie,
Would like to do some good.
I think I'll help old Widow Smith,
And carry in her wood.

GHOST.

A ghost is sad and lonely,
He doubts where he should go.
I'd like to take to aching hearts,
Memories of long ago.

APPLE.

An apple is a playmate,
For many duties cast.
I'd like to join in all the fun,
And be devoured at last.

BLACK CAT.

I'd like to start a chorus,
Of jolly, rousing song.
There's nothing quite like music,
To help the fun along.

JACK-O' LANTERN.

I'd rather like to scare folk,
Who roam the streets tonight.

But I think maybe I'd be wise,
To shine and glow with light.
(OLD WITCH *flies in on broomstick.*)

OLD WITCH.

I heard you all, my children,
I heard what you would do.
I've come to make it possible,
To put your nice plans through.
Upon this mystic Hallowe'en,
You shall be as you're dressed,
And do the things you said you'd like,
When you desires expressed.

Chants. Abracadabra, goblins and sprites,
Lend me your help with these mortals tonight!

(She waves her wand over the children, and they at once become animated again. Their voices are changed, however, and they imitate those that they imagine would be possessed by what they represent.)

BROWNIE.

Come on and help me carry wood
For the Widow Smith, so kind and good.

GHOST.

'Tis better if away I keep,
My dreams will bring her smiling sleep.

APPLE.

I'm off to get her bags of friends,
For sauce and pie that never ends.

BLACK CAT.

Let's go together, one and all,
And sing her lovely songs of fall.

JACK-O'-LANTERN.

Then as we go, I'll light the way,
And turn her black night into day.
(*All exit, WITCH following them smilingly.*)

DRILLS



Bat Drill

For eight small children, wearing tight black suits and hoods and having bat wings caught to the sides of their suits and along their arms. These are fastened in such a way that they are stretched out smoothly when the arms are shoulder high.

The music used is "*Three Blind Mice*."

The following words are sung or recited to the first and last chorus by an older child.

Eight blind bats. Eight blind bats.
See how they fly. See how they fly.
All bats in daytime are very shy
And try to hide in some place that's high.
But Hallowe'en season they're always nigh.
See eight blind bats.

The bats come softly in on stockinged tiptoes, moving their wings rhythmically and pausing momentarily on the second, fourth, sixth and eighth measures. In the quicker time of the last eight measures they fly in a circle clock-wise.

At the second playing, the leader breaks from the circle and stands center front in the first two measures. The one next to him goes to the center left, the third to center right and the fourth behind the leader in the third and fourth measures. The fifth and sixth take their places behind two and three in the fifth and sixth measures and the seventh and eighth behind five and six in the seventh and eighth measures.

I
2 4 3
5 6
7 8

In the quickened tempo of the last eight measures, one and four stand back to back with wings outstretched and

revolve slowly. Two and five, seven and three, six and eight form two groups of three which face outward with outstretched wings touching at the tips and revolve twice as fast as the one-four combination. At the third playing they tip-toe into circle formation again during the first eight measures, flit fast around it during the next four measures and off the stage during the last four measures.

Jack-o'-Lantern Drill

Music, "*Oh! Susanna!*" Dance for any even number of boys in as elaborate Jack-o'-Lantern costumes as desired or simply wearing big pumpkin faces, fastened to their dark clothing. They enter in single file to the lively music. Circle the stage several times and then line up in single file across the front of the stage, smiling, marking time, and snapping fingers rhythmically until the end of the chorus.

ALL SING.

We are jolly Jack-o'-Lanterns,
And we've come to you tonight,
To dance for you and sing for you.
We hope you'll think it right.
We are glad to say, it's Hallowe'en
The time we most enjoy,
The time that's planned especially
For every girl and boy.

CHORUS

Mystic evening! Made for tricks and fun!
Let everyone enjoy himself, until the evening's done!

Repeat Chorus

ALL DANCE. They rise and sink on their toes on the introductory notes, then spring sideways in place for the first measure, feet apart, feet together, repeat. In the second measure, they tap right foot, tap left foot, repeat, and then repeat movement of first measure for the third. They mark time in place for the fourth measure, and then repeat the whole thing three times, which will bring them up to the chorus. Heels together, the pumpkins bow deeply twice in

the first measure, then spring sideways in place once for the second. They repeat, then mark time for the next four measures with feet pawing hard at the floor. They repeat the whole action for the rest of the chorus.

At the close the line divides in the center, part going left, part right, and march across the stage, turn, crossing diagonally to the corners, back, turning toward the center, back and marching in double file to the front. They divide there and again form a single line across the stage. They mark time until the first of the music comes around again, then repeat their song, divide in the center of the line and march to the right and left front, then diagonally across the stage to the two rear exits.

Ghost Dance

(Drill for any even number of children.)

Music—Chopin's "*Funeral March*" (first thirty measures).

The children are dressed as sheeted ghosts and have their hands and faces whitened to a ghastly pallor.

They enter in two lines from the front side entrances and cross diagonally to the center back—their heads bowed and their arms folded over their faces. Their step is right, left, right, left—hold; right, left, right, left—hold; then continuing the straight solemn march through the next three and three-fourths measures. As the two lines meet at the back they advance to the front in pairs with arms outstretched before them and hands turned back to show the chalky palms. They take their places right and left to form a line across the front of the stage and again shroud their faces until the completion of the tenth measure. With the new phrase of the music all face right and circle the stage, first in a large circle, then in circles of decreasing size until they are wound into a close group. They then turn and, using the ghost at the outside end as a leader, unwind their spiral. This figure is repeated twice and then the leader lines them up at the back of the stage. The two center ghosts now lead their lines with shrouded faces to the center front and reaching there turn left and right and march to the front side entrances then diagonally to the back entrances where they exit. As each ghost leaves, he groans most prodigiously.

DIALOGUES

The Little White Witch

CHARACTERS

THE WITCH MOTHER

THREE BLACK WITCH DAUGHTERS, JAB, CUT and TORMENT

WHITE WITCH DAUGHTER, RIDDLE

SICK CHILD, TIMMY

The mother and three black daughters are all made up to look as old and hideous as possible. Each wears a black gown and cape and pointed black brimmed hat. RIDDLE wears a pointed hat and short black cape but a fluffy white dress shows beneath. Her hair is fair and curly and she is very pretty. Each witch has a broomstick with a cat perched in front. All cats except RIDDLE's are black. Hers is pure white.

SCENE I: *The WITCHES' home. It may be made as spooky as desired using either an outdoor or indoor setting, depending upon which is more convenient. The WITCH MOTHER and her three black daughters are standing about a big black caldron. The WITCH MOTHER is stirring something in it vigorously.*

WITCH MOTHER. Hurry, my daughters, and get you gone to the party. Have you forgotten that tonight is Hallowe'en?

JAB. As if we could forget! I want to see our fortunes first, though!

CUT. Isn't it almost time for them? I can hardly wait.

TORMENT. We'll see them fast enough! I'm spending my time thinking of new games we may play!

WITCH MOTHER. Well done, my daughter. Many of your thoughts have already been published in the book "Standard Pranks for Witches." I am proud of you!

TORMENT. It isn't hard to think of tricks—one always leads to another. If I make a little boy skip school, it's easy to have him smash a window, or tear his clothes, or hurt himself, or tell lies. Before he knows it, he's in an awful mess. (*Laughs heartily.*)

(LITTLE WHITE WITCH *enters.*)

RIDDLE (*indignantly*). Torment, I think you're horrid! To hear you talk anybody'd suppose it was good fun going around making people unhappy.

TORMENT. Of course it is! Any decent witch would know that it is. What on earth are you wearing that white dress for?

CUT. And those awful yellow curls. If I had them I'd dye them or shave them or something.

RIDDLE. I *like* my curls and I'll wear white if I want to! I don't know why witches think they must be horrid and homely!

WITCH MOTHER. Peace, my daughter! There are not many witches left in the world. We few should live in harmony.

JAB. How about the fortunes? I don't want to miss any of the fun of the party.

RIDDLE (*pleadingly*). Oh, please, Mother Witch. Won't you let me go to the party tonight? I never yet have gone.

WITCH MOTHER. Nay, nay, Riddle. You are still too young for parties.

RIDDLE. But, Mother, the other girls began to go when they were far younger than I. Please let me! I'd love to dance and play games with our friends.

TORMENT (*roughly*). Why don't you tell her the truth, Mother? (*Turns to RIDDLE.*) You're old enough to know what's wrong. We don't keep you away from parties because you're so young—it's because we're ashamed of you.

RIDDLE (*falteringly*). Ashamed—of—me?

TORMENT. Yes, ashamed of you! No proper witch ever had yellow curls or blue eyes or white skin! No proper

witch ever dressed in such clothes as you like, or cried over a sick cat. Where'd we ever get you anyway?

WITCH MOTHER. I've often wondered myself. That is why I called her Riddle.

(RIDDLE throws her arm over her face as if for protection and slowly retreats from the group which apparently is already oblivious to her and bends excitedly over the caldron.)

CUT. Oh, the fortunes, the fortunes! They're coming!

JAB. Tell us quickly, Mother! We just can't wait any longer!

WITCH MOTHER. Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en.
(With each word her voice goes higher so that it ends in a weird scream. She continues in a sort of a chant:)

Ticktacks, ticktacks,
Many broken knickknacks.
Wood's upset,
Babies fret,
Hay is off the rick-racks.
Clothes show dirt,
Boys are pert.
Come and join the fun,
There will be full many a prank
Ere witches' eve is done.
Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en!

(As the MOTHER screams the last "Hallowe'en" the BLACK DAUGHTERS join hands with her and circle wildly about the caldron three times, laughing shrilly. All four then rush for their broomsticks and ride them furiously from the room. RIDDLE remains in the background sobbing, then she comes slowly forward and stares dully into the caldron. Suddenly she bends closer, her face all animation. She chants happily:)

Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en!
Joy, joy, joy, joy,
Joy for tiny sick boy.
Help to bear,
Work to share,
If you find the sick boy

Haste away
White witch gay
You, too, can have fun.
You will find full many a prank
Ere witches' eve is done.
Hallowe'en! Hallowe'en! Hallowe'en!

(RIDDLE *skips lightly about the caldron in her joy, then speaks soberly.*)

RIDDLE. It was *my* fortune. It must have been! I'm the only white witch around here! First, I must find that poor sick boy. Kitty, kitty, kitty! Where are you, kitty? We're going to have a party of our own. (*She rushes for her broomstick and rides it out. The white kitten, with a big pink ribbon on its neck, is perched in front of her.*)

SCENE II: *A child's bedroom, dimly lighted, if possible. A sick boy moves restlessly about on his cot. RIDDLE enters quietly to the soft music of "Glow-Worm" and the boy raises himself on his elbow.*

TIMMY. Say, who are you, anyway?

RIDDLE. I'm Riddle, and I've come to bring you joy!

TIMMY. Joy? To me? I'm sick and I can't even get out of bed.

RIDDLE. What difference does that make? It's Hallowe'en and everyone has fun then.

TIMMY. That makes it all the worse. The gang'll be up to all sorts of pranks tonight and I'm tied up here. (*He rolls over to conceal his grief from RIDDLE.*)

RIDDLE. My friends have all left me, too, Timmy. Be a good fellow and come to my party. Here, I'll fix your pillows for you! (*She helps TIMMY prop himself up on his pillows, then takes off her cloak and hat.*)

TIMMY (*curiously*). Were you going to a masquerade? Those look like witches' clothes.

RIDDLE. And this is witches' night. Here's a dance for you! (*To the music of "Glow-Worm" she executes a dainty little dance—a spotlight falling on her, if possible, as if she*

were dancing in the light of a moonbeam. She ends with a deep curtsy to TIMMY, then perches at the side of his bed.)

TIMMY. That's great! It made me forget all about this miserable pain.

RIDDLE. That's joy for you! Think hard—who else needs some joy tonight? (*Dog yelps.*) What's that? Whatever's wrong with that poor dog?

TIMMY. It's those people next door. They leave it out no matter how cold the night is and it seems half starved, too. I'd like to treat them that way for once!

RIDDLE. I'll take care of it—just wait a minute! (*She dances out of the room and speedily returns to the soft music of "Glow-Worm."*)

RIDDLE. I did it! They were so horrid that I made them sneeze to awaken them but then I put a kind thought into their heads. They let the dog in and gave him a big plateful of food besides. They won't forget him again!

TIMMY. Bully for you! I've been thinking, too. There's no one much unhappier around here than Mr. and Mrs. West. They're just married and she can't cook at all. I guess he's half starved too from the way they quarrel.

RIDDLE. That's easy! (*She dances away again to her theme music and reappears in a moment, laughing.*) You ought to see all the good things I left in their pantry. Here are some cookies for you. (*Hands TIMMY a plate of cookies.*) I filled her head with skill, too, so that she'll never fail again. Oh, it was fun!

TIMMY. You *must* be a witch. I think you chose the right costume tonight.

RIDDLE. Anyone can work magic if he only tries hard enough. What is next, Your Majesty?

TIMMY. Here's a hard one for you. Make Miss Lane and Mr. Hubbell fall in love with each other. They're both awfully lonely but they're *so* nice.

RIDDLE. I won't even have to leave for that. Shut your eyes tight, Timmy, and think hard about Miss Lane. I can see her. She's sound asleep. She looks a little worried. Now watch—I'm sending her a dream about Mr. Hubbell. See

her smile! She's thinking how good and kind he is and how she'd never need to worry if he were around. I'll wager she'll send him a pie tomorrow!

TIMMY. I *could* see her! Now can't we see Mr. Hubbell, too?

RIDDLE. Of course we can—it's Hallowe'en! He's asleep too, but he's restless. He went to sleep thinking how lonely he was, how his house was running down and his digestion was getting out of order. I'll send him a dream, too. Can you see what happened?

TIMMY. Yes! He's smiling now, too, but he rests quietly. You win again!

RIDDLE. It's almost daybreak—the time I must be gone. Let's make one more person happy first. Who shall it be?

TIMMY. I know! Our laundress! She works so very hard and takes in ever so many washings. Can't you do something for her?

(RIDDLE *jumps to her feet and to the music of the "Irish Washerwoman" merrily goes through the motions of rubbing out, wringing and hanging clothes.*)

RIDDLE. How is that for quick work? All of her washings are now dried and ironed and packed, ready to go to their homes. A friend will send her a fine washing machine tomorrow, too.

TIMMY. Tell me—who are you and how do you do such wonderful things?

RIDDLE (*putting on her high hat and cloak and getting her broomstick*). I might tell you and still you would not understand. Tomorrow you will remember me, but you will think me but a dream. Think of me rather as Kindness, Friendliness, Love, Service! I will remember you as the boy who shared the only party I ever had, the gladdest, maddest Hallowe'en of my life. Farewell, Timmy, may much joy be yours. Your pain is gone forever!

(*She mounts her broomstick and rides once around the room and then away to her theme music. TIMMY sits bolt upright and rubs his eyes in amazement as she vanishes.*)

CURTAIN

The Lonely Pumpkin

(A playlet for fourteen children.)

SCENE: *A cornfield. There are six great shocks of corn, six scarecrows, and one pumpkin and a good witch.*

The pumpkin wears a pointed green hood and a huge, wired orange body, his arms inside. He sits on the ground with his Jack-o'-Lantern face turned backstage. The scarecrows have on very ragged clothes and hats and have wisps of straw hanging wildly about their faces. They are mounted on boxes for extra height at the beginning of the playlet. Before them are the cornshocks. The girls who are the cornshocks are crouched down so that their corn draperies conceal their feet. These draperies also make hoods over the back of their heads and when the curtains open they face the back of the stage so that they are indistinguishable as girls.

PUMPKIN. Black cats and shades of pumpkin pies! This place is lonely.

WITCH. You ought not to swear like that, young man. It really isn't nice!

PUMPKIN. Pardon me, Good Woman! I thought I was alone and I was feeling very sad.

WITCH. Sad? A jolly pumpkin like you? What is your trouble?

PUMPKIN. I am the only pumpkin left in the whole big cornfield. My brothers and sisters were all taken away, but I was hidden until the grain was cut.

WITCH. Do you know where they went?

PUMPKIN. Yes, that is why I am so especially sad. They have gone to light a grand party. Oh, how I would love to see a dance! Tonight is Hallowe'en, so my chances are past. All I can hope to be is a pumpkin pie!

WITCH. Don't be downhearted! Rise! Shine! Follow me! Mount the ladder!

(As she gives him the orders, she waves her mystic wand over him and he rises, snaps on a strong flashlight which he holds and which illuminates his orange body, while he turns

his grinning face to the audience. He then climbs the ladder and sits at the top, dominating the scene below.)

WITCH. That's fine! Now for some beautiful ladies!

(She touches each of the cornshocks in turn and they rise and turn their faces to the audience, moving together and making profound curtsseys.)

PUMPKIN. Oh, how lovely! But where are their sweet-hearts?

WITCH. Give me time, young man. Give me time! How about these fine young scarecrows?

(She touches each with her wand and as she does so, he becomes animate, steps from his box and stands before the old WITCH. She looks closely at them.)

WITCH. Handsomer men I have never seen, even if your clothes are ragged! Cornshock Sisters, may I present the Scarecrow Brothers?

(The girls curtsey deeply and the boys bow very low. Lively music begins and all begin to dance, the WITCH calling off the various short numbers.)

PUMPKIN. Witch! Witch! I cannot see. My light is getting low.

WITCH. The hour is almost dawn and we must go. Down from your perch, Oh Pumpkin. Soon the farmer will come to pluck you and store you away. Back to your places, lovely ladies and handsome men. Quick! Quick! Let the first rays of the sun find you still enchanted.

(All scurry back to their places and the stage grows quiet. The WITCH pauses a moment by the PUMPKIN and gives him a gentle pat on the shoulders before she flies away on her broomstick. As she does so, he speaks sleepily.)

PUMPKIN. Thank you, kind Witch, for the most beautiful party of my life.

Mistress Mary's Pumpkin

CHARACTERS

MISTRESS MARY

A WITCH

As many PRETTY MAIDS as desired

MISTRESS MARY is dressed in a dainty costume with tight bodice, full skirt and panniers. The WITCH wears her traditional costume and the PRETTY MAIDS simulate gorgeous flowers in their many petalled frocks of tissue paper. The curtains open to show the PRETTY MAIDS standing in a row across the stage while MISTRESS MARY stalks back and forth before them. She pauses to pretend to water them from her sprinkling can and to smooth or arrange a petal, but everyone is sober faced and MISTRESS MARY makes several anxious trips to her garden box. She is peering down upon the green vines growing there when the WITCH hobbles in.

WITCH.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?

MISTRESS MARY.

With silver bells and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

WITCH.

But Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
Why are you then so cross?

MISTRESS MARY.

Because I very greatly fear
My pumpkins are a loss.

There has been a soft background of music throughout—"The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring" from the Mikado. The PRETTY MAIDS sway gently to it and then sing slowly and sadly, gesticulating in unison as they do so.

PRETTY MAIDS.

She wants her golden pumpkin now,
In time for Hallowe'en.
She wants a Jack-o'-Lantern now,
That's very plainly seen, is seen,
That's very plainly seen!
But what can she do when no pumpkins will grow?
This season they seem very lazy and slow.
But what can she do when pumpkins are slow?
When pumpkins are lazy and slow?

WITCH.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
Are you at all afraid?

MISTRESS MARY.

Oh, no, kind Witch—I'll just be glad
If you can give me aid.

WITCH.

Then Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
My magic pot I'll need. (*Goes for her sprinkling can.*)

MISTRESS MARY.

And in accordance with your wish
I now will plant this seed.

PRETTY MAIDS (*sing*).

She's going to plant a seed, a seed!
She's going to plant a seed.
And by some magic it must grow
To satisfy her need, her need,
To satisfy her need.
The kind witch will help a big pumpkin to grow,
This year when all pumpkins seem lazy and slow.
Though pumpkins are slow, though pumpkins are slow,
Though this year all pumpkins all slow.

After MISTRESS MARY has carefully planted the seed, the WITCH covers the spot with an eighteen-inch square of loosely woven cloth, patting it down with the fingers of one

hand and pouring water over it from a sprinkling can held in the other hand. She mumbles a charm.

WITCH.

Rats, cats, slimy worms,
Creatures of the night.
Bring me now a pumpkin head,
Fit to carry light.

The cloth slowly rises under her hand and as she removes it a Jack-o'-Lantern is seen. MISTRESS MARY claps her hands and dances about it for joy and the PRETTY MAIDS sing gaily.

PRETTY MAIDS.

Sweet Mistress Mary, now you'll have
A Jack-o'-Lantern bright.
To guide your feet and scare your friends
Upon the mystic night. Tra, la!
Upon the mystic night.
This witch's black magic great wonders can do.
She chanted a moment and then the seed grew.
Tra, la! Tra, la la! Tra, la! Tra, la la!
She chanted and then the seed grew!

This trick needs a little careful preparation if it is to be given smoothly. The rather small pumpkin used is carved and scooped out and then fastened to a circular wooden board about an inch thick. The pumpkin top is then put on and all openings are sealed so that no water can enter. A mound of earth is built about its base. The board to which the pumpkin is affixed is placed in a bucket which has a diameter about one-fourth again as great. This bucket has been planted in the firm earth of MARY'S garden and now the soil is bridged over it so that no trace of it can be seen. MISTRESS MARY lays the seed on the earth over the center of the bucket, marking the spot with a tiny pebble so that the WITCH can feel it easily. The WITCH covers it all with her cloth and uses her left hand to work away some of the earth which bridges the top of the bucket. She then pours water over it generously and as the pail fills, it forces the wooden float and its pumpkin up to the very top—to be made visible in its mud when the cloth is removed.

The Boy Who Wanted to be a Brownie

(A playlet for seven small children.)

CHARACTERS

ERIC

His father, MR. ROBERTSON

His mother, MRS. ROBERTSON

TWO BAD BROWNIES

TWO GOOD BROWNIES

The BROWNIES are dressed in the tight-fitting brown suits and hats which are their traditional costumes.

SCENE: ERIC'S bedroom. When the curtains open, ERIC is shown lying fast asleep on his cot. His FATHER walks in, dressed for traveling and carrying a suitcase.

FATHER. Eric! Are you asleep?

(ERIC sits up and rubs his eyes sleepily.)

FATHER *(sternly)*. A telegram just came calling me out of town. I'm not forgetting, though, that tomorrow is Hallowe'en, so I'm warning you. You are not to get into trouble as you did last year. Get home early and stay here!

ERIC. Gee whizz, Dad. On Hallowe'en?

FATHER. You've heard what I said. I'm sorry to have to be so hard on you, but you've proved that you're still too young to be trusted. Goodbye! *(Exits.)*

ERIC. Get home early on Hallowe'en! Why, the gang's got a million things all lined up to do. I wish I were a Brownie, then I could do just what I please! *(He lies down again, tosses restlessly for a few moments, then drops off to sleep.)*

(The BAD BROWNIES enter and silently tie ERIC to his cot, then one pulls his nose.)

ERIC *(trying to sit up)*. Wh-wh-who are you?

FIRST BAD BROWNIE. We heard you wish you were a Brownie so we came to get you.

ERIC. But what've you got me tied up for?

SECOND BAD BROWNIE. Just to be sure you won't change your mind. Keep quiet now. We want to make our Hallowe'en plans. (*He gets out a small notebook and begins to write in it busily.*)

FIRST BAD BROWNIE. Let's tip over the Robertson woodpile first. It's piled up nice and high.

ERIC. But that's our woodpile! I just finished piling it Saturday.

SECOND BAD BROWNIE. Silence, you! Isn't that what your gang was planning for other people's piles? (*To FIRST BAD BROWNIE.*) What next?

FIRST BAD BROWNIE. Let's soap all the windows in old Mrs. Hughes' house.

SECOND BAD BROWNIE. Good idea! That'll make her good and cross.

ERIC. She's sick and old and she's so poor she'll have to wash all those windows herself!

FIRST BAD BROWNIE. You're a great one to talk! You know you're planning to soap windows and cars yourself. Keep quiet!

SECOND BAD BROWNIE. How about tripping a few people or dousing them with pails of water?

FIRST BAD BROWNIE. That would be fun! I wonder how many legs we can break this year.

ERIC. Let me up! I don't like you two! I wanted to be a nice Brownie. (*He struggles against his bonds and finally falls back exhausted.*)

(*The two GOOD BROWNIES enter, tiptoe over to the cot and cut his fetters.*)

FIRST GOOD BROWNIE (*to BAD BROWNIES*). You two get out of here. You're a disgrace to the Brownie kingdom.

SECOND GOOD BROWNIE. Someone may think we are all like you. Get out!

(*The GOOD BROWNIES try to force the BAD BROWNIES to leave, but without much success.*)

FIRST GOOD BROWNIE. Help, help, Eric! We need you!

SECOND GOOD BROWNIE. You can get up—we cut the ropes!

(ERIC *springs out of bed and helps the GOOD BROWNIES put the BAD BROWNIES out the door.*)

ERIC. I'm surely glad you came. Who are you?

FIRST GOOD BROWNIE. We are the Good Brownies and we heard you say you would like to join us.

ERIC. What are you going to do on Hallowe'en? Those other chaps had perfectly horrid plans to hurt people.

SECOND GOOD BROWNIE. We're just going to have fun. We may have to straighten up a little after the Bad Brownies, but the big event of the evening is a party.

ERIC. What sort of a party?

FIRST GOOD BROWNIE. It's going to be a dandy one. Oh, what I could tell you about the fun and games and the *refreshments*! It makes my mouth water just to think of them!

SECOND GOOD BROWNIE. It's going to be a candy pull. I'm surely glad I'm invited!

ERIC. Where is it? Is it for someone I know?

GOOD BROWNIES (*together*). It's for YOU! Right here at your house!

ERIC. But Dad said——

FIRST GOOD BROWNIE (*interrupting*). We heard what he said! He said if boys could find fun off the streets they wouldn't get into so much mischief.

SECOND GOOD BROWNIE. And your mother said that she had the party all planned for you and she hoped the Brownies would help make it a success. That was an invitation, wasn't it?

ERIC. Whoopee! A Hallowe'en party! Of course you're invited!

(*In his excitement he rolls from the low cot to the floor with a great thump. The GOOD BROWNIES flee and as he sits up in bewilderment his MOTHER enters.*)

MOTHER. Did you hurt yourself? I hope not! I'm glad though that you're awake. I'm so anxious to talk over your Hallowe'en party with you that I hated to wait until morning.

ERIC. The Brownies told me about it, Mother. I think it's a great idea!

MOTHER (*smiling indulgently*). I guess you're still in Dreamland, son. How many shall we ask beside the Brownies? We want to make this the jolliest party ever.

CURTAIN

The Haunted Study

(*Playlet for three children.*)

CHARACTERS

BOB

JEAN

SKELETON

The SKELETON is dressed completely in tight-fitting black garments. Even his head and shoulders are covered by a hood and he wears over-sized black gloves on his hands to make his fingers look unusually long. Upon this black background, a skeleton is painted in luminous paint.

The scene is a small room dimly lighted by a Jack-o'-Lantern. A tall cabinet occupies a prominent position. It is locked and has a sign "Keep Out" on it. BOB and JEAN appear at the door with lighted flashlights and cautiously peer within.

BOB. Come on. Let's go in! There's nothing here to be afraid of!

JEAN. They call it the haunted study. What do you suppose is haunted about it?

BOB. It's our chance to find out. On Hallowe'en all spooks are supposed to be in action.

JEAN. All right, let's! I'm here to tell you that I don't like ghosts though—even if I didn't ever see one. (*They advance rather timidly into the room and begin to inspect it curiously.*)

BOB. It looks pretty commonplace to me.

JEAN. Whatever is in that big cabinet? (*They cross to it and stand looking at it.*)

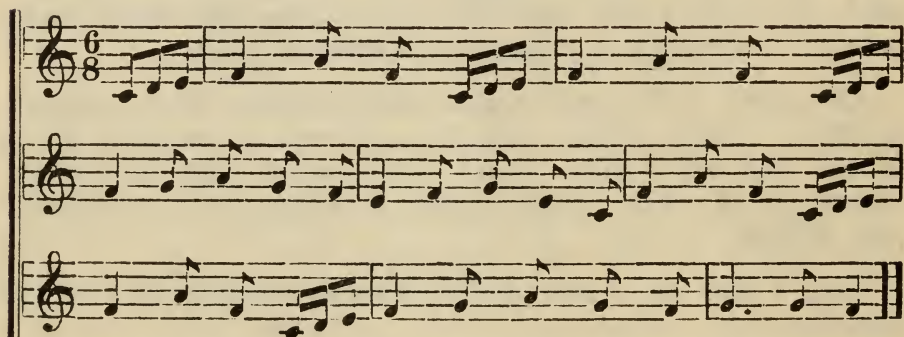
BOB. The thing is locked, whatever it is.

JEAN. But the key is hanging right there. Let's peek!

BOB. You notice the "Keep Out" sign, don't you? Has it occurred to you that it may be for us?

JEAN. It's probably just a Hallowe'en trick. Come on and open it, Bob. I'm dying to see what's inside there. (*She puts the key into BOB's hand.*)

BOB. You're a regular old Eve, aren't you? Well, here goes! (*He slowly unlocks the door, the flashlights go out and they see the SKELETON shining through the darkness. JEAN gives a little scream and both children shrink back. The SKELETON appears to crumple up as he stooped low and there comes a sound of rattling bones—thin hardwood slats tied on a string and rattled vigorously off stage. He gathers himself up, however, and steps forward out of the cupboard to do a dance to the following strain or to some other spooky music, his bones rattling throughout.*)



(*The dance is made as grotesque as possible and every movement is calculated to put emphasis on the luminous lines. These extend even to the SKELETON's feet and so call for considerable rising upon the toes. If desired, a skeleton back view may be painted upon the back, but it is simpler to have the SKELETON dance with his face always to the front. Crouches and little rhythmic rushes with outstretched arms and hands are effective. At the end, with a prodigious groan,*

he mounts again into his cupboard and motions to BOB and JEAN.)

JEAN. What do you suppose he wants?

BOB. Guess we may as well find out. (*Walks slowly toward cupboard.*)

JEAN. I'm coming, too. (*Advances as though against her will.*)

SKELETON (*in sepulchral tones*).

By snooping, you my bones have seen.

You've watched me dance on Hallowe'en.

As you are now, so once was I,

But many years between us lie.

LOCK ME UP!

(BOB hastens to obey his command and taking the key from the lock, replaces it where he had found it.)

BOB. Phew! I feel better already! Cheerful old fellow, wasn't he?

JEAN. No more haunted studies for me! Let's get out of here, quick!

BOB. All right, let's go. Say, there's that music again!

JEAN. It's making my feet keep time to it! What shall we do?

BOB. Just keep going, I guess.

(*The ghost dance music has begun again and forces the two children to march solemnly around the stage three times before it finally releases them and allows them to escape through the door. As the curtains close it sounds still louder, but above it there is hollow laughter and the rattling of bones.*)

When Hallowe'en Comes

By LETTIE C. VANDERVEER

CHARACTERS

GRACE

EDITH

CHORUS OF MASKED SINGERS

GRACE and EDITH are busy arranging a row of books on their teacher's desk or table. They take the books out of their schoolbags while they talk, and place them side by side, using book-ends to keep them from toppling over.

GRACE. I'm afraid we aren't going to have much fun this Hallowe'en. No big pumpkins for Jack-o'-Lanterns, and no party nor funny costumes.

EDITH. Oh, but our teacher said there would be a surprise, don't you remember? She said the drawing class was going to prepare it this morning.

GRACE. Oh, and we missed that class because we had to take those books back to the library and select these others. I do wonder what they were going to do.

EDITH. We will soon know, for she said we should wait in here until closing bell, and it's almost time for it.

GRACE. I just love Hallowe'en, don't you? It is always so full of surprises.

EDITH (*holding a book absent-mindedly*). I believe those paper bags had something to do with it. She said for everybody to bring one large enough to go over his or her head.

GRACE. Do you suppose they are going to blow them up and burst them suddenly to scare somebody?

EDITH. That wouldn't be much of a surprise. We're always doing that at lunch time.

GRACE. Well, I don't see what it can be. But if it is Hallowe'enish I'll like it.

EDITH. I'm glad those old Druids who lived in Britain way, way back years and years ago started celebrating Hallowe'en, or Allhallow Eve, as some people call it. I'd like

to have seen the big bonfires they lighted to scare away the evil spirits that they supposed prowled around.

GRACE. Our teacher says they were very—what was it?—superstitious. I suppose masks and funny false faces come from that idea of evil spirits.

EDITH. I suppose so. The Romans held a festival, too, about the first of November, in honor of their goddess Pomona. They roasted nuts and apples over big bonfires, too. And they had an idea that ghosts and witches came around and did all sorts of frightening things.

GRACE. Isn't it funny for us to sort of follow the same customs that those old Druids and Romans had, hundreds and hundreds of years ago? But I'm glad we do, it's such a lot of fun.

EDITH. There, I think we have those books arranged neatly.

GRACE. Yes, I'm sure our teacher will think they look nice. (*Listening.*) What's that? (*They clutch each other excitedly.*)

(*There is a sound at right like wind howling and whistling. "Whoo-oo-oo-oo! Whoo-oo-oo-oo!"*)

EDITH (*whispering delightedly*). I believe it's the surprise.

(*There is a warning from right, "Sst! Sst! Sst!" followed by voices chanting spookily.*)

VOICES.

When Hallowe'en comes with its tricks and its thrills,
And spooks in the houses cause shivers and chills,
Then goblins and goofies come over the hills.

I just don't believe it, do you?

But it's fun to pretend that it's true.

They say that black scarecrows with Jack-o'-Lantern heads
Get in and pull children right out of their beds;
And witches ride broomsticks and cats lose their heads.

I just don't believe it, do you?

But it's fun to pretend that it's true.

They say that when twelve o'clock strikes the cows talk,
And owls hoot, and horns toot, and scarey ghosts walk,
With never a sound, just as pure white as chalk.

I just don't believe it, do you?

But it's fun to pretend that it's true.

(As the chant is ended in troop a number of creatures with very queer and spooky heads, who dance around GRACE and EDITH, moaning and groaning in a ghost-like way. EDITH and GRACE clap their hands in delight.)

EDITH. Oh, it's the paper bags, see!

GRACE. They're masks, sure enough! Look how they are painted, like witches and black cats and all sorts of queer creatures.

(The masked ones now stand still while one of their number steps forward and toward the two girls, offering them similar headdresses, which they take and put on over their heads. He speaks.)

Whoo-oo-oo-oo!

These two are for you.

October 31st's the date

That we love to celebrate.

But we didn't know just what to do.

Then we had a happy thought,

And these paper bags we brought,

And we've made some masks for us and you.

Slipped bags over head and face,

Marked for eyes, nose, mouth a place,

Then we took them off and carefully

Painted each a funny mask;

It was such a jolly task.

All are different as you can see.

Cut out features to begin,

Then we curved around the chin,

Fringed the back to make our locks of hair;

Painted eyebrows, mouth and cheeks,
Hair in funny bangs and streaks;
They were ready then for us to wear.

None like ours were ever seen
On a jolly Hallowe'en.
Oh, whoo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!
All so scarey and so queer,
We can celebrate this year
Just as all of us will want to do.

(All take hold of hands, skipping about, humming their queer tuneless song, then separate at center front and skip off to left and right.)

CURTAIN

A Hallowe'en Ghost

By PATRICIA KEESLING

CHARACTERS

BRIDGET, *maid of all work*

JANE

BOB

SCENE: *Living room.*

BRIDGET *is discovered putting the room to rights for evening.*

(Enter JANE.)

JANE. It's too bad Dad and Mother aren't here to go to the masquerade ball tonight.

BRIDGET. Yis, Miss Jane, 'tis a bad night to be away from home.

JANE. A bad night? Why, it's perfectly clear and a bit nippy.

BRIDGET. Sure, ma'am, 'tis not the frost I was manin' at all, at all.

JANE. What, then?

BRIDGET. Sure, it's All Saints' avenin', Miss Jane, whin all the hobgoblins an' witches an' leprechauns are out, each an' ivery wan of thim lookin' to do some poor mortal a mischief, so they are.

JANE. Nonsense, Bridget, there are no such things as ghosts and witches and—ah—what-you-call-'ems.

BRIDGET. Why, Miss Jane, ain't you ever seen no Pixies nor nothing?

JANE. No, indeed. Pixies? I don't believe I've even heard of them before, let alone seeing one.

BRIDGET. Sure, they're the little people, Ma'am. In Ireland they live underground, an' many a farmer has a knoll in his meadow that he daren't cut aven the thistles off from for fear of offending them. Why, Miss Jane, me own Uncle Tim was that sore a drunkard that he hadn't aven a spot av porridge to set be the fireplace for the little people, an' one night he came a staggerin' home. Me Aunt Nora was already aslape, and he dropped on the pallet, mind yez, wid out aven offing his brogans, an' wint to slape. Well, some time in the night the Pixies came, hoping to find a sup in their wooden bowl, maybe, and found him a-layin' there, wid his big mouth open an' a snorin' fit to wake the dead, an' they was sore put out wid him. They dragged him off the pallet and beat him black and blue. Sure, they wasn't a spot on his carcass big enuf to lay the tip av your finger on that was not black from the Pixies a-pinchin' of him, an' me Aunt Nora slept swately through it all an' him a-howlin' fer mercy an' all, and he hasn't drank a drop of liquor since, to this day. Oh, sure there are Pixies an' ghosts.

JANE. Have you ever seen one, yourself?

BRIDGET. No. But I know people that have seen thim.

JANE. Well, be that as it may, there are a few stitches still to be taken on my costume for tonight. Go bring it off my bed, Bridget, and I'll finish it now.

BRIDGET. Yis, Miss Jane. (*Exits right. A scream off stage, then another scream and BRIDGET backs out into room.*)

JANE. Bridget! (*Shakes her by arm.*) What in the world is the matter with you?

BRIDGET. Oh, oh! Miss Jane, there's a ghost! I saw him wid me own eyes.

JANE. Bridget, get hold of yourself. Now tell me what happened.

BRIDGET. A ghost, Ma'am. He was a standin' forninst me by the window and he flapped his wings at me, he did, he did. Oh, saints above!

JANE (*laughing not too convincingly*). Nonsense, I tell you. There are no ghosts. Poof! I'll go get it myself. (*Exits right, then comes back looking scared*.) There is something there—I—I—— Listen, you go call Bob up from the barn.

BRIDGET. Yis, Ma'am. (*Exits left*.)

JANE (*pushing table against door, right*). There, that will hold him, whoever or whatever it is.

BRIDGET (*calling*). Misther Bob, oh, Misther Bob!

BOB. Coming.

BRIDGET (*entering*). He'll be afther coming, Miss. Are yez all right?

BOB (*entering*). What's the row? I'm only half done milking.

JANE. There seems to be a—to be something in the bedroom. (*Points*.)

BRIDGET. Oh, Misther Bob, it's a ghost, sor. He waved his head at me, he did.

BOB. A ghost! Aha, Hallowe'en!

BRIDGET. And a quare cratur he is, too, sor.

BOB. What is it, Jane?

JANE. I don't know, but it moves.

BOB. Well, where's the flashlight? I'll go take a look.

JANE. Flashlight! I never thought of that. Here it is. (*Hands it to BOB*.)

(BOB *pushes table aside and exits, right*. JANE *stands and watches*. BRIDGET *twists apron*.)

(BOB *enters carrying a large cat or rabbit balloon*.)

BOB. Here's your ghost.

BRIDGET. It was blowing around there by the open window.

JANE. Well, for mercy's sake; I clean forgot about Peter Rabbit (*or Felix the cat*).

BOB. Well, I'm going back and finish the milking. If you see any more ghosts, Biddy, call me.

BRIDGET. Aw, be off wid ye, an' don't bother me.

(*Exit BOB, singing to tune of "Way down upon the Swanee River."*)

"What makes you turn your nose up, Biddy?

What makes you frown?

What makes you turn your nose up, Biddy?

Why don't you turn it down?"

The Witches' Brew

By L. D. GRIFFEE

Just before curtain goes up, a huge black pasteboard cat walks along the top of the curtain and yowls at the small kids down in front. In the very dim light, it makes a good "curtain-raiser."

(The curtain rises on a very dim stage. A kettle is suspended over a small fire. Dismal noises, groans and faint shrieks come from behind the curtain. Witches in black robes and witch hats appear and circle slowly around the kettle. They wave their robes and wail softly.)

FIRST WITCH (*slowly and in hollow tones*). Trouble, trouble, trouble.

SECOND WITCH. Woe, misery and horror.

THIRD WITCH. Bring on the herbs. Let's make the brew.

FOURTH WITCH. Here they are. Wolfsbane, hellebore and poison ivy. (*Places them slowly in kettle.*)

FIFTH WITCH. Here are the fangs of a rattlesnake and some dead spiders.

SIXTH WITCH. Now, let's stir them well and then we will dance and repeat the words that will make the brew more

deadly than anything that mortals have discovered. (*They dance slowly around the kettle and repeat in hollow tones.*)

Boil, boil, boil,
Bubble, bubble, bubble,
Misery, woe and grief,
Trouble, trouble, trouble.
Spiders, snakes and toads,
Worms and a dead crocodile,
He who drinks this brew shall never, never smile.

FIRST WITCH. They who drink this brew shall be bewitched!

ALL (*circling slowly*). Oooh, trouble, woe, misery, grief, horror. (*They circle slowly and pass out, moaning softly.*)

(*Enter a group of boys.*)

FIRST BOY. Hallowe'en! Am I tired!

SECOND BOY. I've lugged a Jack-o'-Lantern and worked a ticktack until I'm all in.

THIRD BOY (*peering around*). Do you suppose there are really any ghosts?

ALL. Oh, no, of course not. There aren't any ghosts (*etc.*).

(*Wails and groans off stage. Boys group together and look frightened.*)

FOURTH BOY. Gee whizz, what was that? (*Boys shake their heads and look frightened.*)

FIFTH BOY. My father saw a ghost once. It rose up from behind a tombstone and wailed at him.

SIXTH BOY. What did he do?

FIFTH BOY. He ran for home, of course. He always said that he ran the first hundred yards in nothing flat and after that he got right down to business and did some real running.

FIRST BOY. I'd have said "Boo" at it.

ALL. Oh, yes, you would; we see you doing it (*etc.*).

(*Wails and groans from offstage.*)

ALL. What was that? Gee whizz! Jimminy crickets!
(*Etc.*)

FIRST BOY. Oh, I guess that wasn't anything. Look at this funny old kettle.

(*All group around the kettle and smell the contents.*)

SECOND BOY. There's something in it. It smells like soup.

THIRD BOY. I'm hungry. I've got some paper spoons in my pocket. Let's try it.

FOURTH BOY. I'm afraid to. It might be poison or something.

FIRST BOY. Oh, who's afraid? Let's all try it at the same time.

ALL. All right. I'm not afraid. O. K. (*etc.*).

(*All taste it, seem to enjoy it and then commence to eat.*)

SECOND BOY. Tastes pretty good. Think I'll try some more.

THIRD BOY. It's good, all right, but gee, I'm sleepy. I think I'll take a nap. (*Sits down at one side and yawns.*)

FOURTH BOY. Me, too. Can't imagine what makes me so sleepy.

FIFTH BOY. I guess I'll have to take a nap, too. (*Sits down and leans against the others.*)

SIXTH BOY (*sitting down*). Could it have been the soup?

ALL (*slowly and in concert*). Soup. (*They breathe heavily and snore softly. A group of girls enter softly.*)

ALL GIRLS. Sssh!

FIRST GIRL. They're all asleep!

SECOND GIRL. Here's our chance to get even for some of the things they've done.

THIRD GIRL. How shall we do it?

ALL. Let me see! Let me think (*etc.*). (*They group together and consult.*)

ALL. That's it! Come on. (*They tiptoe off the stage. In a moment they return with sheets around them and group around the boys.*)

SIXTH GIRL. They won't wake up.

(Boys snore gently.)

FIFTH GIRL. I'll wake them. *(Leaps into the air and lands with a smash. The boys all wake with a start and run to the side of the stage in great fright.)*

FIRST BOY. Oh, gee, look! *(Points at ghosts while girls wave their arms and wail.)*

SECOND BOY. Please, ghosts, we haven't done anything!

(Girls lift their sheets and all laugh at the boys.)

THIRD BOY. Stung again! *(All boys look disgusted. Girls laugh.)*

FOURTH BOY. I've had all the Hallowe'en I want.

ALL. So have we. *(Exeunt calling back derisive remarks to the girls.)*

SECOND GIRL. Well, that was fun. They must have been having a picnic. *(They see the kettle and all gather around it.)*

THIRD GIRL. Here's some nice looking soup they have left. Let's try it. *(All commence to taste the soup and eat slowly.)*

FOURTH GIRL. It's very good, but something is making me sleepy. *(Yawns.)*

FIFTH GIRL. I'm sleepy, too.

ALL. So are we. *(All sit down. They lean their heads together and breathe heavily. The witches appear and circle slowly around them. Gentle wails and moans from off stage. Slow curtain.)*

STUNTS AND GAMES



The Witch's Cat

The mammoth cat which has the title role in this stunt is operated by two boys of medium height. The body is made on a wire frame, with two horizontal loops as foundations about three feet in diameter which the boys are to slip over their heads. A larger vertical middle loop supports the middle part of the body and from its center top wires are curved around and down to the horizontal loops. The boy who stands in the back section holds one end of the five inch wire which supports the tail and so is able to control it. The boy at the other end controls the head of the cat. This is made over a horizontal loop as large around as desired and is built out into melon form by wires. A wooden support across the horizontal loop has a handle nailed to it by which the head is moved. Both frames are covered with chicken wire and then with black material, the tail first being padded with excelsior. The cat's ears are made separately, stiffened and sewed on perkily. Its features are painted and broom straws make whiskers. Its yellow eyes are made of cellophane and a flashlight fastened behind them makes them glare balefully.

The boys who operate the cat wear black trousers with attached feet and walk noiselessly. The skit is best given on a stage which at first is darkened. The curtains are pulled open just far enough to give a clear view of the great cat head. Concealed by the darkness a boy stands at each side. One meows feelingly at proper moments, and the other gives the following speech in deep and solemn tones.

I am a cat—a witch's cat,
I ride the skies tonight;
I'll hiss and snarl at all I meet,
And fill their souls with fright.

When I was small, they called me cute,
And thought me lucky, too;
Now they contend I shelter imps
Who dreadful damage do.

If they go out and I stand by,
Or pass across their path,
They turn about and seek their homes,
Scared of the spirit's wrath.

So I'm a cat, a lonely cat,
All set for Hallowe'en;
Before the dawn there's much to do
And still more to be seen.

The lights go brighter, the curtains open and the boys who have been speaking for the cat pass into the wings, concealed by the curtain folds. If there are no curtains an old witch may accompany the cat to the stage and speak his part. In this case, the jingle should be put into the third person and so begin "He is the cat, the witch's cat."

Then music of "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where have you been?" begins, adapting its tempo to the whims of the cat. Its dance depends so much on the size of the stage that no set routine can be given. Almost any actions will be so ridiculous that they will be well received but the following are suggested: Bend head and try to wash face or scratch behind ear with foot; chase a rat around the stage, catch it and play with it; meow loudly in long-drawn-out cadence—other meows may answer from the wings; lie down or stand and swish tail violently; purr loudly and kneel down to drink milk; chase tail. Finally tiptoe quietly off the stage swishing tail. There is a chorus of sustained meows all differently pitched.

What Shakespeare Forgot

(TUNE: "*Long, Long Ago.*")

It is suggested that this be sung by a quartette of lusty voices while the caricatures of Romeo and Juliet act out their parts as extravagantly as possible. Their costumes should be outrageous and the garden scene should have a packing box set high for a balcony and a ladder leading up to it.

Will Shakespeare told us but half of the tale,
Of Romeo. Of Juliet.

List while I finish that time-honored wail,
Of Romeo, Juliet.

'Twas Hallowe'en when he first felt ecstatic,

1. He called it love, but 'twas bats in his attic.
2. Such things occur when the moon gets erratic.
Poor Romeo, Juliet.

3. His path was crossed by a very black cat,
Poor Romeo. Poor Juliet.
He was unthinking and simply said "SCAT!"
Poor Romeo, Juliet.

3. So warned on bad luck he went on to greet her,
Ne'er did he think that of life he would cheat her.
All of his thoughts were of where he would meet her,
Poor Romeo, Juliet.

4. This is the place where the two lovers met.
Poor Romeo. Poor Juliet.
Blind to bad omens they shouldn't forget.
Poor Romeo, Juliet.

5. Thinking of naught but her possible coldness,
Had he been wiser, he'd lived to more oldness,
Poor Romeo, Juliet.

6. She had not wished on the first evening star,
Poor Romeo, poor Juliet.

7. She was too busy awaiting his car,
Poor Romeo, Juliet.

She had spilt salt on the snowy white table
And had not thrown some, although she was able.

8. She was all ears for a phone call or cable.
Poor Romeo, Juliet.

9. Picture her fright when a lantern she saw.
Poor Romeo, poor Juliet.

How could she know 'twas a carved pumpkin raw?
Poor Romeo, Juliet.

All was forgot when her lover did kiss her.
Perched on his ladder did tell how he'd missed her.

10. Neither one heard how a snake did then hiss her.
Poor Romeo, Juliet.

11. Witches and hobgoblins gathered around,
Poor Romeo, poor Juliet.
Thrilled by the scene but not making a sound.
Poor Romeo, Juliet.

12. Romeo said, "We will get in a trap sure,
Let us both die while we still have love's rapture.
No other way we'll exist without capture,
Poor Romeo, Juliet.

Shakespeare has told us of how then they died.
Poor Romeo, poor Juliet.

13. She by cold poison and he by her side.
Poor Romeo, Juliet.

14. No word was said though of Hallowe'en ghostes

15. Who claimed their spirits with many weird boastes.
Leading them then to the angelic hostes,
Poor Romeo, Juliet.

There is a moral to this mournful tale.

Of Romeo. Of Juliet.

On Hallowe'en mystic charms cannot fail.

Page Romeo, Juliet!

3. Watch for such omens as black cats and ladders.
11. Never be caught out by witches or adders.
14. Or you will too join the Hallowe'en shadders,
Like Romeo, Juliet.

DIRECTIONS AND PROPERTIES

As the song is sung there may be as many or as few accompaniments as desired. The following are suggested to be used in accordance with their numbers:

1. A flock of bats drawn through the air above Romeo's head.
2. A big yellow moon dancing frantically.
3. A black cat drawn across his path with meows.
4. An arrow pointed to the balcony.
5. A block carried across the stage with ice-tongs.
6. A big star suspended before Juliet on the balcony.
7. The honking of an automobile horn.
8. Huge ears pushed before Juliet.
9. Jack-o'-Lantern on stick.
10. Hissing of snake.
11. Masked figures clustered around.
12. Bear trap dragged across stage.
13. Juliet drinking from bottle. Romeo falling at her side.
14. Appearance of ghosts.
15. Ghosts take Romeo and Juliet away.

The Haunted Forest

(*Hallowe'en stunt.*)

By BLANCHE H. PICKERING

Guests are escorted into dark room and told that they are prisoners in a haunted forest and cannot escape until some one captures the witch's black cat. They are cautioned to proceed carefully as many fierce and terrible creatures inhabit the forest. Scattered over the floor are a sponge rubber mat, a bicycle innertube filled with air, cow-bells, a few tree branches, some rubber squeaker mice, chains, chairs, and other objects. From a table in a corner an owl hoots mournfully, a ghost laughs eerily and blows blasts of cold air from a small hand bellows when any one comes near. A witch cackles shrilly and wields a feather duster or whisk broom. The "cat" is a flashlight enclosed in a small box with two holes in the end covered with orange paper. The

one carrying the cat flashes on the light for an instant and emits a loud meow, then quickly passes the box to a confederate. The ghost and the witch aid the cat to escape by drawing attention to themselves. The cat must be caught before the lights are turned on.

Hallowe'en Scenes

By BLANCHE H. PICKERING

Cut out a number of witches, cats, broomsticks, trees, and caldrons from black paper; and moons and goblins from orange paper. An auctioneer then sells the cut-out pictures to the highest bidders. One hundred dollars is allowed each player. A cashier will take in money and make change with slips of paper. Players are not permitted to know how many pictures there are of each item. The object of the game is to secure enough items to assemble the most appropriate Hallowe'en scene. Each player will assemble his scene on a newspaper on his lap and judges will decide the winner.

Four of a Kind

(Hallowe'en game.)

By BLANCHE H. PICKERING

Players stand or sit in circle formation. Players are divided into four groups by counting in rotation from one to four. No. 1's are ghosts, No. 2's witches, No. 3's goblins, No. 4's black cats. They remain in mixed formation. Slips of paper with numbers from one to ten are placed in a hat. The first player draws a number and walks past that number of persons, going to the left. If he is a ghost and stops before a goblin, the goblin captures him and he becomes a goblin and thenceforth must help catch ghosts. A ghost can capture a witch, a witch can capture a goblin, a goblin can capture a ghost. All three can capture a black cat, but the cat has nine lives, or chances, and may escape capture until he has forfeited nine chances. A cat cannot capture any one else. Whether a player escapes capture or not, he

changes places with the person before whom he stands, and that player must draw a number. A hat or basket containing the numbers may be placed on a table in the center of the circle. To facilitate identity, the name of group may be pinned on player but must be changed when a capture is effected. Each time a cat is captured, one life is crossed off his slip. After nine captures he loses to the next captor and cannot be a cat again, as cats cannot capture any one. The object of the game is to get four of any one group standing side by side.

A Hallowe'en Treasure Hunt

A variation of the usual treasure hunt may be put on, either outdoors or indoors, as a Hallowe'en stunt or game. Tell the guests or participants that the goblins have hidden the "skeleton in the closet" around in various secret places, and that the evil spell will not be broken until all his remains are found and reassembled. Each is given a slip with a verse, somewhat like this:

"Beyond the elm, above the hill,
Search very diligently until
'Neath something hard his brains are found,
Lift them gently and without sound."

The "brains" are a pile of macaroni, wrapped in wax paper, hidden under a board. The "eyes" are skinned grapes; the "hands," old gloves filled with sand and tied at the top; the "arms and legs," sticks of appropriate length, greased for difficulty in handling; the "teeth," a set of false teeth; the "hair," a bunch of raveled rope; the "ears," a chunk of orange peel; the "nose," a chunk of raw carrot; the "torso," a sack filled with rags; and the "feet," sacks filled with sawdust and tied. When the time is up, the person who has not brought in his share of the "anatomy" is required to build the skeleton with the materials brought in. Missing pieces should be duplicated, and prizes may be offered, if desired.

Hallowe'en Charms

Twenty-five charms in jingled form which may be used as Hallowe'en stunts.

CHARM 1

The Apple Parings

With a sharp knife pare an apple
Round and round and round.
Toss the paring o'er your shoulder—
The initial found
Will be of the one you'll marry—
Do not be afraid!
'Tis an old prophetic omen
Good for man or maid.

CHARM 2

The Magic Lead

Melted lead poured out in water
Strange shapes will assume,
So if you'll these forms decipher
You may well presume
That they represent your future,
Plain as plain can be.
For example, ships will tell you
That you'll go to sea.
Books will point you out a scholar,
Guns, a soldier, brave and bold.
Everyone shows something different,
Waiting to be read and told.

CHARM 3

Bobbing for Apples

Bobbing for apples is lots of fun.
Listen, I'll tell you just how it is done.
In a tub full of water set apples afloat—
Each one dips and glides like a funny round boat.
Then kneel down beside them with hands behind backs
And with teeth try to catch them—'tis a task that will tax.

CHARM 4

The Fire o' Love

Take a tub of water, light a candle end,
On a flat cork place it, then it floating send.
Write your names on paper, twist the slips up tight,
Toss them to the water—many will ignite.
Those whose names float onward, never, never wed.
Thus an eighteenth century old tradition said.

CHARM 5

The Power of the Lucky Apple

If you have ducked for apples and have an apple won,
Your duties have not ended—indeed they've just begun.
That apple must be hidden, beneath your pillow white,
And then you'll see your sweetheart in your dreams that
mystic night.
Another superstition tells a girl the fruit to eat,
As she combs her hair at midnight, if she would her true
love meet.
He will gaze into her mirror where his image will be found,
But for fear that he will vanish, she must NEVER LOOK
AROUND!

CHARM 6

Needle Prophets

Take twenty-five new needles
And lay them on a plate,
Pour water gently o'er them
Then you may read your fate;
For those that cross mean enemies,
And you may well beware.
Their tongues are keen and quick to pierce
Like all those needles there.

CHARM 7

The Sneeze Proves It

If someone tells you something and you shortly have to
sneeze,
It's a sign that truth was spoken and should set your mind
at ease.
This may be employed in fortunes and it happens sure
enough
('Specially when fortune tellers scatter 'round a little snuff.)

CHARM 8

The Spider's Touch

The people who cringe at a spider's touch
Are really very funny,
That's an old, old sign that means that they
Will shortly inherit much money.

(This old superstition may be easily adapted to Hallowe'en fun by the use of a large artificial spider which drops unexpectedly or slowly and inevitably upon some victim.)

CHARM 9

Hallowe'en Contests

Boys and girls together frolic on gay Hallowe'en,
Strange and funny are the revels which that night are seen—
Apples hang in open doorways, swaying to and fro,
Partners struggle hard to bite them—hands can't touch, you
know;
Then a new string oft is taken, in its center fast,
Is a raisin, plump and luscious, who will reach it last?
Starting from their ends, two partners chew the string like
mad,
Striving to attain that raisin and be victors glad.
Competition lends new savor to most any sport,
And when guests are asked to contests, good times they
report.

CHARM 10

Hidden Fortunes

There's a ring and a thimble and a penny
And they each and all are hidden in this room,
Go search and try with diligence to find them
For each will prophesy your future doom.
The one who finds the ring will soon be married,
The one who finds the thimble ne'er will wed
And the one who finds the penny will be wealthy--
'Tis the truth, for so the oracle hath said.

CHARM 11

What the Apple Seeds Tell

Here's a big rosy apple most tempting,
Do you know there's a fortune inside?
Just cut it in two if you'd read it,
And its seeds will your future decide.
Two seeds will predict early marriage,
Three say that you'll gain kingly wealth;
Four say that you'll travel for pleasure,
And five that you'll always have health.
Six is the symbol of wisdom
And seven bears a promise of fame.
There is happiness deep in each apple
No matter what seeds it may claim.

CHARM 12

The Wedding Ring and Goblet

Tap, tap, tap.
I've a wedding ring suspended in a goblet by a string,
And I must say the alphabet and watch its every swing.
The letters I am saying as it strikes against the glass
Will be my mate's initials when the right time comes to pass.
And every time it tinkles I must start to say anew
That alphabet which tells so much and which I know tells
true.

CHARM 13

Blowing Out Candles

See the candles on the table?
You must blow them out.
First I'll blindfold you, then quickly
Turn you thrice about.
Blow three times, the flames remaining
Tell when you'll be wed—
One year, two years, up to six years,
As is often said.
If all seven you've extinguished
This same year 'twill be.
If you leave them all still burning,
Ne'er a (bride) you'll be.
(groom)

CHARM 14

The First to Wed

A wedding ring is hung up in a doorway,
This wedding ring is hung up by a string;
Just twelve feet back there stands a lovely maiden
Who points a pencil at the hung up ring.
With cautious step she moves on toward the doorway
She dare not let the pencil rise or fall,
She aims to slip it first straight through the trinket
For then she soon will hear Dan Cupid's call.

CHARM 15

The Prophetic Cabbage

Go out to the garden, grasp a cabbage head;
Though it must be night time, you have naught to dread.
Pull the head up slowly, then look carefully,
Greater dirt you pull up, greater luck will be.
If its form is perfect, strong will be your mate,
If its heart tastes bitter, hard will be your fate.
If its heart tastes wholesome, great will be your luck
Cabbages tell fortunes—see which one *you'll* pluck.

CHARM 16

Trial by Fire

Name two nuts for man and maid
Put them in the fire.
If they burn in peaceful way
True love will transpire.
If they pop and fly apart,
Trouble will ensue;
Separation will come fast,
They're ill fated, too.

CHARM 17

The Test of the Nuts

I've named three nuts and placed them
Side by side on the grate,
The one which cracks is unfaithful,
The lover I know I should hate.
The one which blazes with brilliant fire,
Tells of high regard, 'tis said,
But the one which burns with a steady flame
Names the man whom I shall wed.

CHARM 18

Pure, Foul or Empty

Three little dishes, all in a row,
One holds clear water, that well I know;
One holds foul water, one none at all.
Blindfold I seek them. Which will me call?
If the clear water, happy I'll wed.
If the foul water, unhappy instead.
If the sad, empty, ah, woe, woe is me!
A lonely old (spinster) forever I'll be.
(bachelor)

CHARM 19

The Candle Jump

There are twelve candles in a row—
Jump them, maidens fair!
Each one is named for a month, you know.
If the draught blows out one flickering flame,
When you jump it, maidens fair;
That's the month when you will change your name.
So jump them, maidens fair!

CHARM 20

Backward to the Cellar

Eat a spoonful of salt, carry candle in hand,
And a mirror besides if fear you withstand.
Walk backward down cellar, then surely you'll see
The dear mirrored lover whose bride you will be.

(Sure results are obtained if accomplices are hidden in the cellar in the right places to have their reflections caught by the mirror. One helper may have several masks so that he can change his identity.)

CHARM 21

The Salt and Water Race

This is a stern test, maidens,
But it will tell your fate;
Fill your mouths with water,
Let the hour be late.
Fill right hands with salt,
Make them tightly lock;
Then at given signal
Run around the block.
Woe to her who giggles—
Salt or water loses,
But hail the first name listened to—
'Twill be the mate each chooses.

CHARM 22

The Ashes Test

If you blow into fine ashes
And they fly up in your face,
Your mate will be a tyrant
And sad will be your case.
But if they fly before you,
Then you have naught to dread.
For days of great rejoicing
And fortune lie ahead.

CHARM 23

The Cake of Silence

The mystic cake of Hallowe'en
By seven maids is stirred,
They mix stiff dough of watered flour
But not one word is heard.
If any speaks, she is disgraced—
The last she'll be to wed.
She'll find no prince nor Lochinvar,
Just some poor stick instead.
When in the pan the dough is placed,
Each maid takes a new pin;
And pricks initials of her own
And of her sweetheart in.
For just ten minutes then it bakes,
With silence still about,
Then those whose letters still are plain
Will wed e'er year is out.

CHARM 24

The Lucky Cake

A cake that's full of charms can be made on Hallowe'en
And it causes lots of fun as is very quickly seen.
Choose one that's quick to bake, made of any simple batter,
Let each girl help blend and stir in a merry din and chatter;

Trinkets wrapped in papers oiled must be stirred in at the last,

And whoever cuts one out, will her future find forecast.

She who finds the wedding ring will soon be a happy wife,
She who finds the wheel will wander far and wide through-
out her life.

She who cuts the dime, cuts wealth, and the key unlocks all hearts,

But the thimble means the spinster from whom romance swift departs.

For the others naught is stated, but at least they have a treat
In a cake they have constructed that is very good to eat.

CHARM 25

Why You Will Marry

To blow out a flame, through a funnel of paper,

Is really a most informational caper.

If you blow it the first time you'll marry for love.

If the second, because you rate beauty above.

If the third, you will marry for money in sight,

And if not then, your marriage will just be for spite.

Hallowe'en Fortunes

No Hallowe'en celebration is complete without fortune telling of some sort. One of the most mystic methods is to write the prophecies on white paper with witches' ink. This ink consists of nothing more complicated than milk, strained lemon juice or ordinary baking soda and water. It should be used with a clean steel pen and when dry will be invisible until it is brought out by the application of heat in some form. The ceremony should be made effective by weird incantations as the chosen oracle passes each slip over her magic light or holds it toward the fire. If desired, each person may hold his own slip to the heat and read his fortune aloud after the hidden words have become visible. The fortunes may be short rhymes written to fit individuals or to be drawn at random from the witches' caldron, or they

may be simply "Yes" or "No" drawn by each person from the caldron after he has stated his wish. Any other methods of fortune telling may be employed—crystal gazing, skull gazing, tea leaves, gypsy palmistry or various card systems are all popular. It is only necessary that the reader have a talent for making her fortunes interesting. Younger children will find fortunes most appealing which do not deal with love and they particularly like to fish for theirs. This can be done by writing their fortunes on cardboard fish with holes in their noses and letting the children try to catch them with a fishline and bent pin hook.

RHYMES FOR FORTUNES

1. You're going to buy a motor car,
The fastest in the land,
And come in first at races
With cheers on every hand.
2. You're going to be a doctor
And help the sick get well.
Your life is well worth living
As the future soon will tell.
3. You will be an old, old lady
With a parrot and a cat.
But the saddest thing about it
Is that you'll be awfully fat.
4. The aeroplane that you will buy
Will thrice go 'round the earth,
And you will lead a merry life
Filled with good friends and mirth.
5. Don't ever wed a tall brunette
Or you your marriage will regret.
6. A dizzy blonde is after you.
Watch out, for she can ne'er be true.

7. A traveling man you're going to be.
Sweethearts in every town you'll see.
8. A movie sheik you're bound to be.
You'll thrill the girls with ecstasy.
9. You ne'er will pay for bread and board—
You'll spend your income on your Ford.
10. Your fortune shows you married thrice—
All women seem to think you nice.
11. You'll fall in love with many a man,
But marry one you never can.
12. The future holds much money
Which you are glad to share.
You'll wed a rich old woman
And you will be her heir.
13. A politician prone to talk,
Upon the platform oft you'll walk.
14. You are a spoiled and captious miss,
A doting mother's daughter.
I'd hate to see you keeping house—
You know you can't boil water.
15. You'll brighten the corner where you are.
With furniture polish you'll cover each scar.
16. You'll be a missionary and learn to sing and shout,
But cannibals will eat you, and finish you, no doubt.
17. Thumbing your way right merrily
You'll travel the wide world o'er.
You may not have a cent in your purse,
But you'll never find life a bore.

18. St. Peter's keeping track with care
Of all the hopes you've dashed,
Of all the lovers you've led on,
Of all the hearts you've smashed.
19. A brilliant man you're said to be,
But still you are a dunce
To think that you can hold the hands
Of two sweet girls at once.
20. A chicken farm your fortune holds
Well filled with snow-white hens,
And Jersey cows and nanny goats,
And pigs in whitewashed pens.
21. You soon will star in Hollywood
As such a handsome he-man should.
22. An aviator you will be
And boldly fly o'er land and sea.
23. Soon with a stranger you will waltz.
♥ Beware! His smile and teeth are false!
24. The girl whom you are soon to woo
Can paddle best her own canoe.
25. In Wall Street you'll provide a treat.
Both bulls and bears will want to eat.
26. As specialist you'll make your place
And often lift a fallen face.
27. A crooning crooner you will be
And make us writhe in misery.
28. You'll own a string of bakery carts
And peddle luscious cakes and tarts.

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29. Your forehead shows you know your onions.
That's well, but don't forget your bunions.
 30. Clown of the century you will be
And make your patrons howl with glee.
 31. You'll be a noted golfing star.
Your scores are always under par.
 32. The folding auto you'll invent
Will make a fine mosquito tent.
 33. You'll seek the North Pole with your wife
To study bees and strange plant life.
 34. You'll found a hospital with cots
For ninety happy Hottentots.
 35. Glad thousands to your door will come
For you'll dispense free chewing gum.
 36. A Red Cross nurse you're sure to be,
In love with all humanity.

PARTIES

Hallowe'en Invitations

There are wonderful opportunities in the making of Hallowe'en invitations. The black and orange which are the traditional colors of the season are most effective and the figures which symbolize the day are equally so. It is a very simple matter to combine black and orange mat paper into attractive Jack-o'-Lanterns upon which your invitation may be written. It is perhaps even simpler to paste upon orange stock silhouettes of witches, black cats or bats which may be purchased already cut. Anyone with a little artistic ability will have no difficulty in achieving really delightful invitations. place cards or score cards to suit his individual needs.

The Hallowe'en spirits say sad is your fate
If you're not at my party next ——— at eight.

(Name, address, date.)

Are you afraid to meet a ghost?
Of goblin friends dare you make boast?
What is the thing that scares you most?

Come join us Hallowe'en!
We name the hour as eight o'clock.
Admission comes if you but knock.
We hope to entertain—and shock.

Come join us Hallowe'en!

(Name, address.)

I really don't care
Just what costume you wear
As long as you look like a fright.
For I'm giving a party
That I hope will be arty
And I want it on Hallowe'en night.

(Name, address, time.)

There's a door at my home that I'll swiftly unlock
If you will come with a knock, knock, knock.
For I'm having a party on Hallowe'en—
That night when black witches and ghosts are seen.

(Name, address, time.)

If you love to revel at spooky games
With a happy, carefree band,
Come to my house on Hallowe'en
And lend me a helping hand.

(Name, address, time.)

What do you like for your Hallowe'en pals?
Ghosts and goblins or just boys and gals?
Meet at my house at a quarter to eight
For with something or other you now have a date.

(Name, address.)

Hallowe'en Decorations

A clever hostess can find unlimited opportunities to show her ingenuity in decorating for a Hallowe'en party. The symbols characteristic of the celebration are so varied and so picturesque that they adapt themselves with a minimum of effort to any desired degree of formality or informality, horror or rollicking fun. Hallowe'en asks for no restraint in its decorations—they are expected to be used with a lavish hand. One type may be concentrated upon or many may be mingled with most successful effect.

The decorations chosen will depend largely upon the size and shape of the rooms to be used and upon the company to be invited. Small rooms, for example, adapt themselves to weird effects which can hardly be attained in larger rooms or halls. Then, too, tiny children should never be subjected to the horrors which so enchant their elders—the jolly pumpkin faces are scary enough for them.

Guests may enter through either front or back door as preferred. Tall cornstalks may be arranged to form an aisle across the porch to the front door and Jack-o'-Lanterns to

light the way. Within may be a room lavishly decorated with autumn leaves and late-blooming flowers. Branches of maple and oak stand in the corners and detached leaves have been pinned and scattered over the curtains and made into festoons to drape the top of each curtain, the doorways, the lamps and chandelier. Yellow tissue paper is fastened over the windows with witch silhouettes pasted on to make transparencies. Everything is flooded with a cheery light and the hostess wears a gay witch's costume made of a soft white blouse, a tight black bodice and full orange skirt banded in black. Over this she wears a long black cape lined in pale green and a tall, peaked black-brimmed hat.

A less cheerful entrance may be arranged by using hangings of gray paper and putting grinning death's heads over the lights which give out a green glow. Huge spiders and bats are suspended on threads from the ceiling. The reception committee appear as ghosts or skeletons and silently extend clammy hands in welcome. In making a ghost's costume a sheet can easily be utilized, especially if a mask is available. The skeleton requires a little more preparation. It is made against a background of black fringed crepe paper made in two sections. The lower section hangs from a three-inch band of cloth tied about the throat and the upper from a tight-fitting cap on the head. The skeletons themselves are cut from cardboard, wired for extra strength and attached front and back. If a tight-fitting black suit is available the skeleton may be attached directly to that, using a skull mask for the head. The hand the ghost extends may be a glove filled with wet sand fastened to a stick. The skeleton may offer a wet glove in which thin sticks are fastened together at the wrist but spread into each finger to give a proper bony effect. Stair posts and bridge lights may become ghosts or skeletons with small effort. A third type of reception is given by his Satanic Majesty himself. He wears a tight-fitting costume of black or red with a ruff of the contrasting color about his throat. A tight-fitting cap fastened under the chin shows two horns protruding and he carries a three-pronged pitchfork. The room in which he receives is simply hung in black crepe paper upon which are pasted long tongues of flame in yellow, orange and scarlet. The room is lighted solely with red lights.

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When entrance to the party is gained through the back door it is sometimes desirable to have the front of the house look as dark and forbidding as possible until after the arrival of the guests. A grinning skull may show a ghastly green light at the back entrance and this same light continues as the door opens. Within are hideous black-garbed witches who prod the victims with snakes as they pass between them. The doorway has apparently been lowered so that it is necessary to crouch low as they enter and the passageway seems filled with spiders and bats. Various noises are heard which in the weird atmosphere seem terrifying. A noisy vacuum cleaner is turned on, a rattler is spun, a paper bag is exploded, there are unearthly groans. Strange articles lie in the pathway designated and the victim cannot but wonder what they are as his feet tread upon them.

The other rooms of the house could well be decorated in accordance with any of the ideas previously described. Lengths of orange or black crepe paper fringe adapt themselves effectively to many different schemes. Straight hung crepe paper may be painted with weird figures or may be used as a border upon which great spiders, cats and bats may be seen in silhouette or where black witches ride. This border idea is particularly effective in a large hall. In a hall, too, may be placed a border of paper painted to resemble a fence. Cornstalks end the fence and a few vines tacked over it make it more realistic. Along the fence perch numerous black cats in various poses and some grinning Jack-o'-Lanterns. A border of skulls and crossbones is also effective with tall sheeted ghosts standing at various points throughout the hall. Another more elaborate idea for a hall is to hang it with orange paper with black fringe about the top. From this fringe hang black crepe streamers of different lengths each with a large silver paper star on the bottom. Light fixtures at either end of the room are covered by wire hoops closely covered with similar streamers of more even length and by a huge smiling face of the man-in-the-moon. Branches of autumn leaves, cornshocks or even evergreen branches may be used in any of the schemes of decoration to conceal undesirable features of the room or add variety.

If fortunes are to be told in hall or home it should be done in a small room especially decorated. Huge black cats

or witches may form a screen before the door and it may be guarded by ghosts, skeletons, witches, cats or demons so that only one may enter at a time. There are endless ways in which these small rooms can be effectively decorated. Drapes may be so arranged that they give the effect of entering a cave. This or a small room can be hung with gray Florida moss, if available, gray fringed paper or lengths of gray cheesecloth. Green lights placed near the floor give an eerie effect to the scene. Giant spider webs can be woven across the corners with silver cord and toy spiders are to be seen on them. Spiders, scorpions and small bats also hang from the ceiling on slender threads. One effective arrangement has a huge bat stretched across each corner of the room. Black cats and owls may perch in any available space and bare branches are often placed so that they can be seen at good advantage. A favorite way of telling fortunes employs the witch and her caldron. The caldron is a big black kettle suspended on a tripod or even a big handbox covered with black paper. In it may burn with a mysterious blue flame a mixture of wood alcohol and salt, providing, of course, that it is metal. A veritable chamber of horrors presided over by a sheeted skeleton is made by using black wall hangings and putting against them a number of other skeletons in standing postures and row after row of white grinning skulls. Bones may be used to form rosettes, friezes or other decorations. In this case the oracle may read his fortunes in the eye sockets of a real skull if one is obtainable.

In all Hallowe'en decorations the lighting is very important, so it is wise to experiment to see just how the best effect can be obtained in each case. Green, red and orange lights are best fitted to the season and gelatine or fireproof paper shades in various symbolic forms should cover all lights. Jack-o'-Lanterns, properly placed, will often create just the atmosphere desired.

These are but a few random suggestions—the hostess is urged to go farther and develop her own ideas—they are almost sure to work out well and she will discover what fun Hallowe'en entertaining really can be.

Hallowe'en Table Decorations

The decorating of Hallowe'en tables is truly a fascinating sport whether it be for "sit-down" or buffet refreshments. Flowers, fruits or leaves can be combined with the official Hallowe'en symbols in an endless variety of forms and at no time of the year is the use of crepe paper more popular, especially in black and orange. Balloons in the same colors, either floating loosely or fastened together, can also be employed with excellent effect. Silhouetted figures of witches, bats and cats can be easily purchased or made and these are made even more striking if two silhouettes are stuck together at the edges, padded with a bit of cotton to take away their absolutely flat appearance and given features, if desired. Tall candles are the most effective means of illumination.

A section cut from a pumpkin can be shaped into a delightful barge for a doll dressed as an old witch, or the witch may ride her broomstick and be suspended over a whole pumpkin. Still another arrangement is to have her bending over her caldron which hangs suspended from a tripod. In this case the metal caldron may have incense burning in it and the candy cups may be made to match by covering them with black paper and converting them into tiny caldrons. Incense may also be used, if danger is averted by covering with a strainer, as smoke from a heap of autumn leaves. About this "bonfire" may circle ghosts, owls or witches, either pasted on a supporting band or joined together at the folds of the paper as they are cut.

A more formal and very lovely table can be arranged with large, tawny chrysanthemums forming a graceful centerpiece and a big black cat crouching among them. Tiny silhouettes of black cats would also perch on the chrysanthemum favors. Smaller chrysanthemums combine beautifully with autumn leaves, vines or moss.

A Jack-o'-Lantern table used a medium-sized pumpkin head for the center and from it ran vines upon which lay smaller pumpkins. These vines even ran up the candlesticks, which were topped by the funny grinning faces. The central pumpkin head was carefully cut with rather small features so that it faced all four sides of the table.

Owls make effective decorations. Try perching one on a bare branch or on a slice of a big pumpkin carved to resemble the man in the moon in his first quarter. The results are good and it is also good when black cats or bats are used in the same way. Glaring eyes can be added with small Christmas tree lights. Spooky decorations may convert the candlesticks into white-clad ghosts about a death's head centerpiece. Candlesticks may also be made into scarecrows topped with Jack-o'-Lantern heads by wiring small pumpkin heads to them and tattered garments of fringed paper or corn husks. A big pumpkin can be carved to represent a house, from whose doors and windows numerous little Brownie faces are popping out. Whenever more color is needed, strips of orange crepe paper may be run the length of the table and then across at the center. If this seems too much color or a contrast is desired, a narrower strip of black paper may be laid upon the orange. Edges are often made more effective by fluting them slightly and the decorative scheme is elaborated by making chair backs of silhouetted crepe paper or even using streamers and festoons of vivid, contrasting colors. Central lighting fixtures may be hung with gray or orange crepe fringe and witch or bat silhouettes suspended among it. Children revel in such decorations and even grown-ups fall victim to their spell.

The Jack Horner pie is an important part of many Halloween tables, for it affords an excellent means of distributing small favors or fortunes. It may take the form of a pumpkin, a cat's head, a witch's caldron or simply be a box dressed up for the occasion in crepe paper. In the last-named case, it may be topped by a witch or some other symbol and around it may be a circle of cats, ghosts, bats, pumpkins or witches. One effective arrangement encircled the pie with a fence upon which black cats played. Ribbons running to each place guide to the treasures within.

Wire, crepe paper, mat stock and cellophane will combine to make the cleverest of favors or to dress up candy in ways that are bound to evoke admiration. A package of Life Savers can easily be transformed into a witch, a ghost or a skeleton. Chocolate patties lend themselves to conversion into Brownie bodies, and chocolate buds, wrapped in cellophane,

become gay flowers which may be wired into effective bouquets. The possibilities for Hallowe'en decorations are really limitless and require but little expenditure except time, patience and ingenuity.

Hallowe'en Menus

1

Baked ham	Candied sweet potatoes	Moulded salad
	White cake—orange frosting	
	Salted nuts	
	Coffee	

2

	Pear salad	
Nut bread	sandwiches with cream cheese filling	
	Individual pumpkin pies	
	Cider	

3

Pumpkin pie	Cheese	Doughnuts
	Cider	

4

Squares of chocolate blancmange with squares of orange jello	
on top and whipped cream	
Gingerbread with orange frosting	
Cider	

5

Salmon au gratin	French fried potatoes	Peas
	Hallowe'en sandwiches	
	Orange pie	
	Coffee	

(The Hallowe'en sandwiches are made by cutting white and brown bread into circles, then with a cutter about an inch smaller in diameter cutting the center out of half of the rounds. The bread is then buttered and spread with a filling of black olives, dates and orange marmalade, moistened with a little lemon juice. When the sandwiches are put together, a small dark round is placed on a larger light round and vice versa.)

6

	Hallowe'en canapes		
Chicken patties	Riced potatoes	Olives	Hot rolls
	Fruit salad	Cheese wafers	
	Hallowe'en ice (orange and pistachio ice)		
	Nuts	Coffee	

(The Hallowe'en canapes are made of thin slices of brown bread cut in rounds, spread with butter and cream cheese, and made into pumpkin and goblin faces by features of black olives, green pepper and tiny strips of pimento. A few chopped nuts may be added for hair.)

7

Chicken croquettes	Peas
Cottage cheese balls rolled in grated carrots	
Finger rolls	
Orange ice	Cake
Coffee	

8

Mulled cider—Hixson style.

1 qt. cider
1 t. whole allspice
$\frac{1}{2}$ t. cassia buds
3 eggs, well beaten

Bring cider and spices almost to the boiling point. Add beaten eggs very carefully, stirring all the time, and serve hot.

9

Taffy apples are also very popular for Hallowe'en. Select twelve small, firm ripe apples, wash and stem them and run skewers into the blossom end of each. Make a syrup of the following ingredients:

2 c. brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. light corn syrup
 $\frac{3}{4}$ c. water

Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then continue cooking until the syrup is brittle when tested in cold water. Wipe off any excess sugar crystals on the side of the pan. When the syrup is done, set it at once over hot water and add some red coloring and $\frac{1}{2}$ t. cinnamon flavoring, stirring them in well. Dip the apples in the syrup, turning over and over until each is thoroughly coated. Stand them skewer down in a cake rack and allow them to harden a day before using them.

10

Cakes may be covered with white icing and have silhouette Hallowe'en figures stuck around the side, or these may be painted on with melted chocolate or very dark frosting. Other cakes may be covered with orange frosting and treated the same way, or with dark chocolate frosting and have the designs in white or orange. Cookies may be similarly decorated.

A Hallowe'en Nut Party

The following invitation set many tongues wagging at a certain Hallowe'en season:

R U A Nut?

If not a Nut

What sort would U like 2 B?

Please come dressed up on Hallowe'en

And demonstrate 2 me.

(Time, name, address.)

There was much excitement and secrecy during the planning of the costumes. One girl solved her problem easily by simply adding a necklace of dried peas which she had soaked sufficiently to string, but many wore very elaborate affairs. Not only were the easily thought of nuts represented, but also such things as coconuts and "Grapenuts."

When the guests had assembled, each was given a paper and pencil and each had a number pinned to his back. Instructions were then given that the next fifteen minutes were to be devoted to guessing the identity of the different nuts, but there was to be absolutely no communication except by the sign language. If anyone spoke, the person catching him was to place a black mark at the head of the guilty party's paper. At the close of the period, the papers were exchanged and graded, all black marks being deducted from the number of properly guessed identities.

The girls and boys were then divided, the girls going into one room, the boys into another. A sheet with numbered slits in it was stretched across the doorway and through these slits the girls stuck their noses. The boys tried to identify them and then took their turns at sticking their noses through the holes. The boy and girl guessing the greatest number of noses correctly were declared winners.

Teams were then chosen for a relay race in which each contestant was given a table knife. Brazil nuts were carried down the line one by one on these and dumped into a pumpkin head. When the last nut had been dropped in, the leader of each line was given a handful of filberts which he passed down the line. Only one hand was to be used by each con-

testant and the victors were the ones who first succeeded in dropping all their nuts into the pumpkin.

In the next stunt, the boys were divided into teams to race backward on all fours from a tape to a goal. The girls were ordered to race along three stretched tapes—watching the lines through inverted opera glasses.

All were then told to sit on the floor in a circle and a number of time-tested fun-makers were utilized for their entertainment. The hostess started with the letter Z and asked that each member of the circle in turn add his letter to help say the alphabet backward as quickly as possible. She then called the name of some person across the circle from her, carefully wiped off her smile and threw it across to him, keeping her own face perfectly sober. Her unsmiling victim beamed radiantly from the time he caught her smile until he passed it on in the same manner to the girl of his choice. Anyone who smiled when he was not supposed to do so became IT again.

The next orders were for each boy to face the girl at his right and for each couple so formed to make faces at each other, holding the grimaces while the leader counted to fifty. Each boy then was told to turn to his left and repeat the performance to a count of fifty, except that in this instance a continuous smile was exchanged.

Amid the Hallowe'en decorations of the rooms, a little tree with leafless branches had attracted much attention. It was decorated with narrow ribbons of orange and black crepe paper and from it hung walnuts painted in the same colors. Each girl was told to pick an orange nut and each boy a black one. When the hollow shells were opened they were found to contain simply the word "Peanut," "Walnut" or "Hickory Nut." The guests were divided into groups according to the names drawn and each group was given ten minutes in which to prepare a stunt. One group chose several charades, another a hastily improvised song, set to popular music and acted out, and a third a number of athletic stunts. At the conclusion of the stunts, prizes were ceremoniously awarded to the winners of all events of the evening.

Refreshments consisted of nut bread sandwiches, Waldorf salad, tiny pickles, pistachio ice cream, Brownies and coffee.

They were served from a table centered with a branch of a thorn tree, set upright in a block of wood and liberally laden on every branch with tiny orange and black gum drops. Around and in it posed little Brownies made of nuts and pipe-stem cleaners. These same quaint figures stood guard at the orange crepe paper candy baskets and held under their bent arms a "nutty" fortune appropriate to each individual guest. Tall orange tapers furnished the light.

A Hallowe'en Horror Party

The party which is to be described should only be given to a most select group of guests. If there is any doubt about whether, in modern parlance, they "can take it," it is far better to choose one with less gruesome details.

The invitations were made of white correspondence cards folded through the middle to make a double sheet. This was cut in the shape of a hideous skull and features were drawn on the upper part of the card. Within was written in red ink:

Hurry, hurry, hurry!

Please come at half-past eight

On Hallowe'en to ——— house.

Hope hard you're not too late!

It was signed with two gory red-inked thumbprints as if someone had clutched it hard.

When the guests arrived on Hallowe'en they found every curtain drawn and no signs of any festivities. The door was opened by a girl in nurse's uniform and surgical mask, who in a whisper told them to follow her into a small room—the walls of which were completely covered with straight hung sheets. There they were greeted by a doctor in white uniform and mask, who solemnly put them through a ridiculous physical examination. Each guest had to expand his chest and hold his breath while the doctor counted to fifteen and tickled the tip of his nose with a feather. Then he had to be weighed on scales which had been set off balance. He was told to eat three crackers and without swallowing them whistle "America," and his eyes were tested by having him turn his back on a sign with letters upside down and then

read it. This was to be accomplished by bending low and peering back at the letters between his legs. His reflexes were tested by the doctor when he struck his seated patient just below the knee with the side of his hand and watched his involuntary kick in response. The doctor displayed considerable ingenuity in the variety of tests he gave different patients, even resorting to tongue twisters and demands for various musical notes at times.

When all had been examined the nurse held a warning finger to her lips and said, "Please be quiet, there has been a bad accident," then led them on tiptoe to the living room. Chairs had been arranged in rows facing a screen there and the only illumination was the ghastly green light which came from several lights covered with skull shades. Conversation was somehow quite subdued except for an occasional hysterical giggle. There had been no signs of their host as yet, but suddenly a strong light was turned on and he was pushed in in a wheelchair. What a host! His head was heavily bandaged and what little of his face could be seen was criss-crossed with court plaster. His right arm was supported by a sling and his left leg was swathed in bandages. His left hand held a cane and with its help and that of the nurse he stiffly raised himself to his feet.

"Hello, everybody. It's mighty fine of you to come to-night. I was afraid you wouldn't if you found out I'd been banged up. You just ought to see the other fellow though! You tell them, Doc!" He slumps back into his chair and the nurse takes his pulse while the doctor speaks.

"Mr. ——— has always been noted for his pleasing sense of humor and for his wonderful hospitality. After his tragic accident his only fear was that he would be unable to entertain you at his annual Hallowe'en party. He is in grievous need of several serious operations. It is his wish that they be performed here tonight for your entertainment. I beg that you will conform to his wishes, for I believe that it is only his desire for one more of his famous and unique parties that has kept him alive this long. Your physical examinations have proven that you are all in excellent condition, so you have nothing to fear and much to gain. Never again will you have to sit speechless when more fortunate friends

start speaking of operations. Always you can contribute your own gory details, for Mr. ——— wishes me to tell you that you are to consider this operation your own."

A second doctor appears and they half drag, half carry the sick man behind the screen. All lights are turned out except a single brilliant one that is placed about six feet behind the screen and which is made still more concentrated by means of a reflector. The screen itself was simply a sheet, but it was stretched very tight. After it was stretched and just before the guests arrived, it had been dampened all over with a wet sponge to keep the light from shining through it. Behind it was a narrow table upon which the form of ——— could be seen. The two doctors and nurse were busy beside him, the doctors sharpening up great knives and the nurse arranging saws, chisels, ax and a mallet on the table beside the patient. Everything was clearly silhouetted through the dampened screen and when the two doctors began the operation they made it very realistic by using their imagination and ingenuity. A box full of properties added to the effect. After the doctors had sawed off an arm, for example (sawing a piece of wood and letting a big bone drop to the floor), the nurse held up a glove stuffed with wet sand and passed it around among the guests announcing, "Mr. Brown's hand." In the same way his hair, his eyeballs (skinned grapes), his stomach (hot water bottle), his backbone (spools strung on wire), and any other parts of his body were detached and exposed to the gaze of his friends. Each part of the operation was conducted with great effort, one doctor holding the patient down and the other pulling, sawing or hacking as occasion demanded. The doctors grunted with their efforts, the patient groaned. With one supreme effort the doctors removed the last of their patient's organs and sunk from sight. They surreptitiously raised two sheeted effigies, one very short and one very tall. The nurse announced sadly, "Mr. Brown has gone. Here are his ghosts (indicating shorter effigy), his better self (indicating taller effigy), his lesser self." At that moment the doctors sprung into sight, grappling with the ghosts and bringing them over to their patient. They forced them down upon him and then quickly began to assemble his parts, finally zipping up a long

incision. Slowly Bob began to sit up, tried out his head, his arms and legs, then sprang to his feet. He dashed before the screen, his arms about the shoulders of his doctors, and shouted, "They've done it, gang! They've done it!! I'm a well man again! Strike up the band!"

This stunt was not prolonged beyond a few minutes for fear it would lose its effectiveness. It was followed by a lively game of "Going to the Churchyard," a Hallowe'en version of "Going to Jerusalem." The chairs (one less in number than the players) were arranged in double lines and one single chair was shrouded in white. Whoever was forced to sit in this chair when the weird music stopped suddenly was proclaimed a ghost and had to drop out of the game. Each time a player dropped out a chair was taken away. When the last player became a ghost he was commanded to howl as he thought a ghost might do. For this game each player was provided with a ghost head simply made by cutting eye and nose slots in the front of a paper bag, drawing the other features upon it and slitting it far enough up the sides to make it easy to put on and keep on. Each guest was then given a much folded piece of paper and a pencil. On the top line was written, "If I were writing _____ epitaph and knew I dared tell the truth, I should say. . . ." The name of a different guest was written in each blank and then the paper was folded and fastened with paper clips so that the first line could not be read. Below on lines spaced about an inch apart were the following beginnings to sentences:

His name really is _____.

He was born in _____.

His parents were _____.

His nationality is _____.

He was an _____ child.

His skin is _____.

His eyes are _____.

Politically he is _____.

His education consisted of _____.

His good works _____.

His church ———.

His wife ———.

His family ———.

My name is ———.

These partial sentences were folded and clipped from the bottom so that one was visible at a time. There were as many sentences as guests, so each guest wrote a word or so to complete his sentence, hid what he had written in the upper folding and passed his paper with its new sentence on to the person sitting next to him. When everyone had written on every paper and signed his name to one paper, the ludicrous stories were unfolded and read aloud.

The final stunt of the evening consisted in turning the lights very low again and giving each guest a balloon to blow up as large as possible. These balloons were all dark in color and had previously been inflated long enough to have hideous faces painted on them with phosphorescent paint. As they were blown up the faces shone out weirdly and an occasional explosion added to the effect.

The guests were then ready for refreshments! The dining room had great stalks of corn in each corner, with a sheeted ghost standing half concealed behind each, and with Jack-o'-Lantern light for the only illumination. The centerpiece turned the table into a miniature cornfield. Corn husks were fastened over cardboard cones to make cornshocks and small ghosts were visible among them. Tiny toy Jack-o'-Lanterns standing on a few trailing vines added light and color, and an old black witch riding on her broomstick and suspended from the ceiling completed the decorations.

The refreshments consisted of creamed chicken in patty shells, potato chips, carrot sticks and ripe olives served from the same dish, poppy seed rolls, coffee, orange ice, and chocolate cakes with tiny white ghosts perched on toothpicks on top of them.

A Progressive Hallowe'en Party

Four girls discovered that a progressive Hallowe'en party was a solution to their desire for something new and different in the line of entertainment.

Their invitations were on folded paper with a witch silhouetted on the outside and the following verse written within:

Report at eight on Hallowe'en
Dressed in your oldest clothes,
And join with us in all the fun
That mystic evening knows.

(Names of the four hostesses.)

(Address of first home to be visited.)

The first home was fortunate in having a large recreation room in the basement, but this installment of the party could have been conducted equally well in a kitchen or even in a barn. The back entrance had a sign "Jack-o'-Lantern Inn" over it and this was illuminated by the light from two pumpkin heads which topped grotesque figures made of cornstalks. Cornstalks and Jack-o'-Lanterns carried out the decorative scheme within and everything was arranged for the traditional Hallowe'en sports. For a half hour the guests had a jolly time bobbing for apples, trying to bite those suspended in doorways without touching them with their hands and doing various other fun-provoking stunts. Two that were especially popular had apples affixed to one end of sticks which were suspended horizontally. In one case a bag of thin material held flour at the other end of the stick—in the other case there was a cake of soap fastened there. The sticks were spun and the object was to get a bite of apple without one of soap or a powdering of flour.

Before the guests had time to weary of these games they were given the surprise command to move on to the second house. Here the cheery yellow light of the Jack-o'-Lanterns was supplanted by ghastly green.

A skull shaded light at the entrance showed a sign, "The Witches' Den." The guests were ushered into a room hung with gray paper and dimly lit with lights similar to the one

at the entrance. In the center of the room was a small pile of branches arranged over a red shaded light. A tripod over this imitation fire held suspended a big black caldron.

Everyone was seated in a circle on the floor and the hostesses began a chant, urging everyone to join in either humming or singing to the simple much-repeated musical phrase "a d e b d," swaying slowly to the rhythm.

Black witch, we beg of you tonight,
Oh-oo-ah-oo, oh-oo-ah-oo,
That you will pause e'er you take flight,
Oh-oo-ah-oo, oh-oo-ah-oo.

We hope you will our fortunes tell,
Oh-oo-ah-oo, oh-oo-ah-oo.
We know you can by magic spell,
Oh-oo-ah-oo, oh-oo-ah-oo.

After this had been sung a couple of times the door was swung violently open as if by a wild gust of wind and in flew a black witch astride her broomstick and carrying a basket hung over her arm. She cackled harshly as she rode all around the circle, touching each on cheek or neck with a finger cold and wet in its wet rubber glove, stopped and began to pass out the things from her basket.

"Here, pass these quickly through every hand! Dead men's eyes! (skinned grapes). A dog's tongue! (cold pancake). Teeth! (corn). Hand of a murdered man! (glove filled with wet sand). Bone of a new-born babe! (chicken bone). Brains! (cooked spaghetti). Snake!" (toy snake). While these were being passed she flew about the circle again, laughing shrilly, then broke through the circle and bent over the caldron, moving her hands over it as though in an incantation and incidentally turning on the switch that set the light bulb glowing below the branches.

"Give them to me, quick!" She snatched her varied treasures from those holding them in the circle and tossed them into the caldron, stirring them vigorously. "Sing, everybody! Sing!"

The hostesses again led the group in the same song they had chanted before and then the witch laughed exultantly.

"My mystic brew is done! Take your fortune, but see to it that you let nobody but yourself read it." She passes rhymed fortunes printed in large letters to each guest, then commands, "Let there be light! These mortal eyes demand far more than ours."

After each guest had silently read his or her fortune, the witch asked that they be folded as before with the rhymed fortune concealed. She then took her place at a small table and one of the hostesses brought her the folded fortunes to be read by magic. By prearranged plan the hostess was careful not to mix her own fortune with the others, but laid it unostentatiously to one side. The witch then set out to read the fortunes without looking at them. She "read" one and one of the hostesses claimed it, then went on through the whole collection, acting as if the whole process was a very difficult one, but evidently doing it accurately since each fortune was claimed by someone in the crowd. The secret of it all was that the witch had been posted as to what the fortune of the hostess was to be. She gave that fortune first and then opened up the slip of paper upon which it was supposedly written, apparently to verify her reading, but in reality to read the fortune which she was to give a moment later as appearing on the next slip of paper. A thorough acquaintance with all the fortunes placed in the caldron made it easier for her to give them after the barest glance. The slip intended for the hostess had been placed where it could be identified and was left to the last, but of course the words supposedly read from it were never on it at all—they had been used to give the witch the start she needed. Her only care had been to make sure that no guest sat close enough to check each fortune, as she "read" it, with the slips of paper she held. The witch then commanded: "Turn off the lights! Another guest is coming!"

All the lights but the ghastly dim ones were turned off again and in glided a white-clad ghost. It circled the group twice, touching the guests with icy fingers, then took its place by the witch and began its story in deep sepulchral tones.

GHOST. "Long years ago I, too, was young—I, too, found joy in Hallowe'en. Alas, I was foolhardy in my love of ad-

venture. I learned of a deserted, tumble-down ruin which was the dread of all passers-by. There were those who swore they had heard strange music coming from it; others that they had seen great bands of black cats chasing each other around it and howling mournfully.

"I could not rest until I had visited that haunted castle. One evening in October, I evaded my friends and climbed its winding stairs which crumbled and threatened to plunge me into the vaults below at every step. I reached the top—a draft of cold air blew upon me and chilled me through and through. I hesitated, then faltered on. A weird, unearthly sound came to my ears—the cry of some creature in distress. I stumbled and fell. Pandemonium broke loose about me and I lost consciousness.

"When I came to myself again, I lay stiff and stark, unable to move hand or foot. I tried to shriek for help, but no sound came from my palsied lips. Suddenly two demon black cats of prodigious size stood before me, their baleful red eyes gleaming with malicious hate. 'He has discovered our trysting place. Shall we eat him tonight?' snarled one. 'No. Wait till Hallowe'en,' said the other, and he took from about his neck a small black bag and looked intently into it. Something about his action added to my horror, my blood seemed to freeze in my veins; I could feel the goose flesh rising all over my body; every hair in my head stood on end. What evil thing was he concealing there that could affect me so?

"Suddenly my lips were unlocked and I screamed with terror. When I came to my senses I was in the rocky field without. I managed to drag myself back to my room. As I staggered past my mirror I glimpsed myself. I looked like a corpse—my hair that had been so dark but a few hours before was now as white as snow. The friends who came to me that day fled in terror—the horror which they could read in my eyes struck like blows upon their senses. I lay on my bed, alone, dreading what the night might bring forth. At last I slept from sheer exhaustion.

"When I awoke my room was in midnight darkness, but my startled gaze could see four glowing eyes staring down upon me. I could feel soft claws going all over my body,

flexing and unflexing, as though they would tell me of the deadly claws concealed within them. I wondered dully when they would be unsheathed against me. Then again I heard the never-to-be-forgotten snarl. 'Shall we eat him tonight?' and the answer, 'No. Wait until Hallowe'en.' A flash of lightning lit up my room. By it I could see the two monster cats—and one was looking intently into the little bag which he wore about his neck!

"Night after night I was visited by the demon felines. Always the same question was asked—always the same answer came. I was frozen with terror. I could devise no method of escape and my only interest lay in the contents of that little black bag. It became an obsession with me; it haunted my mind night and day, even to the hour when weakness overcame me and, terrified by my impending doom, I died the day before Hallowe'en. How merciful was the release from my mortal body, I can but let you imagine. My sufferings were over. They were over before that awful death which those horrible monsters had planned for me. Still I can find no rest. I wander the earth eternally seeking the answer to my problem. WHAT WAS IN THAT LITTLE BAG? Look! There's that cat now! See those baleful eyes! There's his Bag! *WHAT'S IN IT?*"

During this ghost story, many sound and light effects were worked in by the hostesses and, at the end, a great cat head with gleaming red eyes loomed out of the darkness. At the ghost's final shriek, he pointed his finger at first one and then another guest all around the circle and they answered his question with anything that came into their minds, from *catnip* on. This broke the tension and sent everyone into gales of laughter. The hostess then said, "If he hasn't the right answer now, let's go out and find it for him!" The lights flashed on and the crowd dashed pell-mell to the cars which were waiting to take them to the third house on the program.

Two large bats guarded the doorway here and supported a sign, "The Bat-ery." The big room into which the guests were ushered was lavishly decorated with bats suspended from the ceiling, perched on branches in the corners and clinging flat to the walls. This part of the Hallowe'n celebrating was characterized by lively and amusing games.

The guests were first lined up on sides, each with a medium-sized paper bag at his feet. At a given signal the leaders each grabbed his bag, blew it up and exploded it, that being a signal for the next in line to grab his and do likewise. The first line to explode all its bags was declared the winner and each of its contestants was presented with a chocolate patty. Each leader then had the sliding cover of a safety match box stuck on his nose. At a signal he was supposed to pass it on to the nose of the next in his line without touching it with his hands. The first line to finish again was presented with patties—since they happened to be the opposing side to the previous winners. If they had not won, the hostesses had planned to offer consolation rather than first prizes.

All guests then seated themselves in a circle to play a variation of the old game "Buzz." Each counted in turn and when the number 7 or any figure in which it appeared, or any multiple of it was reached, the player whose turn it was said "Bat" instead of his number. If he did not do so, he was out of the game. For example, Bat had to be substituted for 7, 14, 17, and so on, and if the endurance test lasted up to the seventies it required Bat, Bat, and so on up to Bat, Bat (77).

Eight guests were then chosen by lot to sing. At a given signal four were told to sing "*The Spanish Cavalier*" and the other four "*Solomon Levi*." The words had been typed out for them so that there needed to be no faltering on that score and lusty competition ensued.

White tapes were then stretched on the rugs and two were chosen to walk them backward, two more to walk them using a mirror as a guide and two more with their shoes on the wrong feet. Amusing contests resulted. The hostess then chose three who had been having the most fun laughing at other victims and had them each lay their hands on a cane, rest their foreheads on their hands and walk around the room three times in this position. They were then told to stand erect and walk straight ahead. Their efforts to do so without staggering or falling proved most diverting.

The strenuous evening was ended at the fourth house at which buffet refreshments were served. Its decorations com-

bined all of those used at the other homes and the table arrangements were particularly colorful. Green vines formed a base for a pyramid of oranges, and against the vivid fruit figures of black witches, bats and cats showed up to great advantage. Tall orange candles were used for illumination. The menu consisted of a moulded gelatine salad in green with tiny sausages baked in baking powder biscuit dough, potato chips and ripe olives. The dessert was Hallowe'en brick ice cream and chocolate cake with boiled frosting tinted orange.

A Hallowe'en Carnival

The town of E. has found that all its troubles with Hallowe'en sprites have been settled since it has inaugurated an annual carnival on that date. The big high-school building is turned into a temple of fun for the occasion and the children are asked to come in masquerade costume if possible. School is let out a little early and decorating committees headed by a different teacher on every floor make the halls gay with festoons of crepe paper and attractive posters advertising the side shows in the various classrooms. These classrooms are in charge of different organizations which decorate and arrange them for the various types of entertainment which they are planning.

All tickets are sold in the main hall at five cents apiece or six for a quarter. The usual admission to a show is one ticket but the main show, which is the feature of the evening, calls for three. The carnival is always well advertised by newspaper articles, posters, signs hung on automobiles and written on walks, and by notes which the school children write to take home to their parents. On the big night, the high-school band parades in uniform and leads the way to the center of fun. A mammoth crowd can always be expected and a goodly sum is realized for the support of various school activities. Besides the returns from the various shows, considerable cash is collected by the sale of candy, ice cream bars, balloons and noise makers of many descriptions. Barkers, sandwich men, clowns and an itinerant Little German Band all add to the general hilarity.

Every year the entertainment varies and the different organizations take pride in planning new and ingenious types of fun. One stand-by always retains its popularity although its form may change to some extent. It is the Hallowe'en court, over which one of the teachers presides as judge. Before him, two stalwart uniformed policemen hale criminals of various types charged with unique crimes. Their trial is held at the dead end of a hall before a crowd that is always delighted at the questioning, the witnesses and the sentences. The judge takes pleasure in hammering his frail orange-crate desk with a large wooden mallet and in some years sentences the guilty ones to sentences of five or ten minutes imprisonment in the wire-mesh jail which has been erected nearby.

There is always a house of horrors, too. One year it showed a gruesome operation—the surgeons cutting, sawing and hacking away at their victim in a most realistic fashion behind a tightly stretched, damp white screen. The strong light behind them made their silhouettes show up clearly to the audience seated in the darkened room. Another year the operation shown was in a dentist's chair and ended with the extraction of a huge tooth which, though pasteboard, looked very real through the screen. Still another year patrons were ordered to hold fast to a guide line and they followed it through a dark room with a dozen traps of one type or another, each calculated to startle them in some way and each unavoidable. Along the guide cord were fastened numerous objects which made lively appeal to the imagination—a piece of raw meat, a small rubber ice bag, a toy mouse, a raw oyster. At one spot the string even ran through a dish of cold cooked spaghetti, and at the very end it was wired to give a slight electric shock. There were various obstructions on the floor—a ladder whose rungs had to be climbed, an old fur piece which felt like a dead cat, piled boxes that fell over with a clatter, a little incline, a vacuum cleaner with detached bag, turned on just at the right moment by one of the several managers. One year the victims were admitted singly and grabbed and blindfolded by two ferocious-looking pirates. Drawing a splinter of ice most realistically over his neck, they apparently found his blood not

red enough to join the pirate brotherhood. They therefore told him that he must walk the plank and led him to one, a guard on either side. As he slowly walked up the plank, which rested upon a firm support a few inches high, the guards bent down to give the impression that they were on a different level from their victim's. There were well-imitated sounds of waves and wind and at the end of the plank the guards released their prisoner's hands, sprayed a little salt water in his face and told him to jump. It took a strong-minded victim to jump the few inches involved without qualms. Still another horror room had the victims seized by sheeted ghosts who led them around a room decorated in most ghastly ways. The floor was covered with tombstones and on these were written humorous epitaphs telling of the demise of faculty members and various school celebrities.

One hall is usually set aside for joy rides. In it, boys give patrons rides up and down in a great variety of vehicles. One year it was in ordinary carts; another year in two chairs tied together and mounted on roller skates; still another year it was on an old sledge mounted on wheels and pulled by "dogs," and on still another year a bicycle with sidecar attachment was used.

The large commercial room is converted into a dance hall where the orchestra plays short numbers for a ticket a dance. The home economics room becomes a tea room, Japanese garden or some other variety, in which daintily garbed waitresses serve light refreshments from the nearby kitchen. Some type of seeress always reads fortunes from the tea leaves. A small room is also devoted to fortune telling and its nature and decorations change yearly. One year a crystal gazer was very popular; another an astrologer with his telescope; another a palmist; another a sand diviner; still another a reader of cards. It takes a person with a quick wit and glib tongue to read fortunes well.

A shooting gallery employs airguns and such targets as heads of faculty members, books labelled as different high-school subjects, characters from the funny papers, black cats, pumpkins and witches. Another gallery lets its patrons pitch baseballs against similar targets backed by a net and gymnasium floor pads.

The science department always puts on a good show, giving demonstrations of a number of startling physical and chemical phenomena and always attracting a good crowd.

Then there is the Ripley "Believe It or Not Show" with its numerous attractions and a barker on the platform in the center to declaim upon their merits. One year a placid small dog sat in a cage while before him lay a string of "hot dogs." A tattooed "wild man" announced as a student from a rival high school was fierce and raging in his ragged clothing of burlap sacks another year, and there has been a weird succession of such clever numbers as the "bearded lady," the "boy wonder who writes on the head of a pin" (supporting his tablet upon the pin head), and the "girl who eats under water" (munching candy as she holds a glass of water over her head). Every year ingenious youngsters figure out new features, some admittedly of far better quality than others.

The high school always seems to boast of a boy or two who is exceptionally good at card and other kinds of tricks. They work out a routine which is put on a number of times during the course of the evening, no admittance being allowed while the show is in progress. Last year's performance used the following mystifying stunts besides a number of card tricks. In the first, "ink" was converted into water and tiny fish. To do this, a black bag was made to fit snugly into a goblet, being cut in two pieces for best results. To its bottom was sewn a firm black thread with a cork on one end. This thread was long enough so that the cork hung down a few inches on the outside of the goblet when the bag was in position. The bag did not quite come to the top of the goblet so that the illusion of a black fluid within the glass was perfect at a very little distance. The "magician," however, dipped in a white card and brought it out half black to dispel any doubts that might have been present. (The card had previously been prepared by inking the half which the performer concealed in his hand as he exhibited the card before his test.) After the test, a napkin was exhibited and then thrown over the top of the goblet while the magician muttered a charm over it all and went through mystic motions with his hands. He then took up the napkin—

and the cork, which as it was drawn up pulled up the black bag with it in the napkin folds. Clear water and tiny fish were left behind.

The second trick was also an effective one. It consisted of apparently restoring a piece of ribbon which had been cut into tiny pieces and then burned on a tin plate by a member of the audience. The secret of this trick was that the magician had concealed an identical piece of ribbon in his left hand while giving out the other. When the ashes were brought to him he called for a basin of water, took up the ashes in his right hand and cupped his left hand over them. He then dipped both hands in water and rubbed them vigorously while he said a magic spell over them—and dissolved the ashes into the basin. He then was able to exhibit his ribbon, wet but whole.

The Camp Fire girls can also be depended upon for a clever show. Theirs is quite apt to consist of song and dance numbers, but they sometimes make use of a playlet. Many of their acts have been given in Hawaiian, Indian or other distinctive costume and appropriate setting.

The Museum and Art Gallery affords a fine opportunity for harmless sport with the faculty and other individuals of the school. One draped mirror had a sign over it, "The One and Only Michigan Monkey"; another, of different size and shape, "The Most Stunning Person in E." A booth "For Men Only" displayed a razor, men's socks, Paris garters and trousers, while another "For Women Only" showed an equal number of garments pertaining to the gentler sex. This high school tries to keep all its "sells" confined to one room and to make them as varied and entertaining as possible.

The main show is given at ten o'clock and is the big event of the evening. Every act is of excellent quality and is planned to make its appeal not only to the students but also to the older people who may have classed some of the other parts of the carnival as simply "necessary evils." The various numbers to be given are either announced on cards posted at the side of the stage or carried on by small pages or clowns.

A couple of peppy selections by the uniformed high-school band usually form the opening numbers and these are fol-

lowed by a varied collection of other numbers. One year the whole was a minstrel show with its songs, dances and repartee. Another year it was an amateur hour with "Major Bowes" at the microphone, questioning and encouraging the performers. In general, however, it is made up of a series of detached acts drawn from the best of the available talent. The gymnastic department sent in a trained horse one year that quite brought down the house. It was operated by two boys who wore long trousers made of burlap and stood about as far apart as the front legs of a horse are from the back legs. One held the front part of the horse's body with the wild-looking stuffed head on a stick so that it could be moved up and down and from side to side. The other boy occupied the back part of the body and controlled the funny bushy tail. After the two boys had gotten into their sections they were sewed together and they were ready to obey—or disobey—the orders of their trainer. They answered questions with a nod or shake of the head, knelt, counted by stamping their feet and did numerous other tricks to the great delight of their audience. The music of "*Pony Boy*" was used for his triumphal prance on and off the stage. Other years chose bears, monkeys and even an elephant as their star performers.

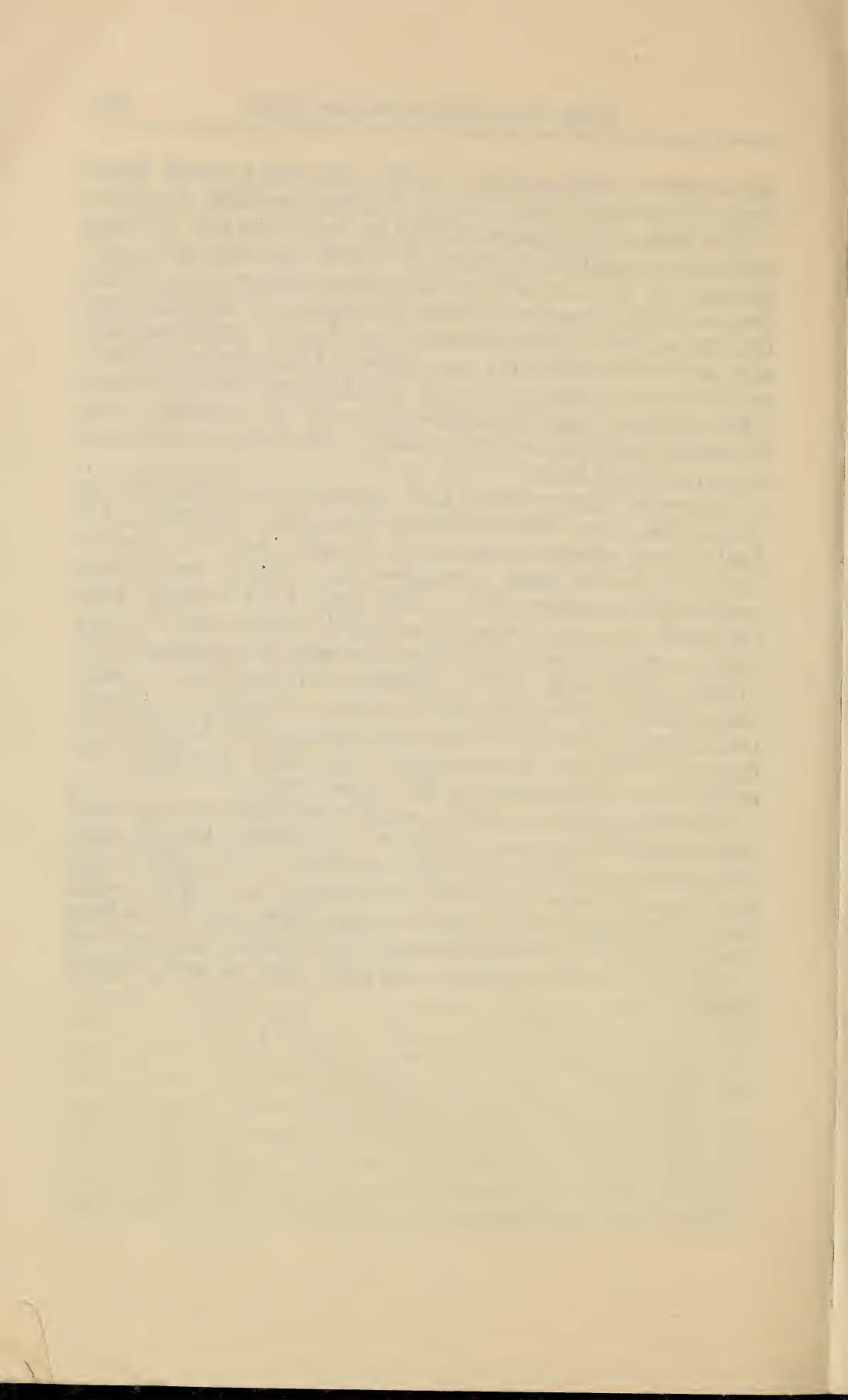
Instrumental numbers which are well performed are always welcome and in giving vocal numbers boy soloists are especially well received. Some of the most popular acts of recent years have featured boys in costume singing hill-billy or foreign numbers and playing their own accompaniments on guitars, mandolins or ukuleles. One act that was particularly enjoyed showed six lads on the stage with banjos, mandolins and ukes. They first made believe that they were tuning them up and then played them enthusiastically in ordinary fashion—the music really coming from off-stage players carefully placed for the desired effect. As they continued playing they began to twist their instruments and play them from all sorts of angles and finally walked off the stage, leaving their magic instruments behind them on the chairs—still "playing" merrily. Applause brought not only the original players but also the back-stage players out for an encore. Other acts in which boys have shown particularly well have been athletic stunts presenting some "family"

of acrobats. Still another popular act was a classic dance done by several husky lads in floating feminine draperies.

The girls have always excelled in style shows of different types and in drills and dances in which they have worn picturesque or dainty costumes and sung or danced. One effective number showed a number of dancers in evening dress dancing as the curtains opened. The "host" entered excitedly and announced that by a rare stroke of luck he was able to present ——— and ———, the world's most famous dancers. They entered, bowed deeply and danced two specialty numbers with the other dancers making a charming and animated background for them.

The main shows always took particular care that the last impression upon their audiences should be favorable. The finales were always given much thought, both for content and for effective stage arrangements, and the results were accordingly excellent. Best results have been obtained when the whole cast was brought on for the finale with a peppy song, march or dance. This led the way to the introduction of the school song or the "National Anthem" and brought the audience enthusiastically to its feet. Within a few minutes after the close of the entertainment the building has been cleared, and by midnight responsible wrecking committees have restored it to fair order again.

Carnivals demand careful planning and some hours of hard actual work if they are to be put on properly, but the town of E. has found them the best of solutions for her Hallowe'en problems. The children are tired the next day, if Hallowe'en has unfortunately come upon a school night, but it is a treat to which they have looked forward during the whole year and it pays for itself as insurance against personal and property damage.



DATE DUE

NOV 02 1992			
NOV 03 1992			
OCT 14 1993			
OCT 27 1993			
NOV 28 1993			
NOV 21 1994			
OCT 30 1995			
OCT 24 1996			
NOV 10 1997			
NOV 12 1997			

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